THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VII | New York, Wednesday, January 11, 1928 | Number 10

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UNHALLOWED HALLELUJAHS

A JOURNAL like this, which can honestly claim that it uses a compass to find its way through the maze of the epoch, is also necessarily influenced by the unsteadiness of the contemporary human mind. There comes upon one a feeling that every muscle is being strained in the exhilaration of going ahead, quite in the same way as a traveler who tries to follow a drifted trail through a heavy snowstorm is assailed by a kind of enthusiastic fatigue. As we go into the new year, we therefore summon to mind once again the principles by which we agreed to stand in the beginning—the same principles, we believe, which have guided every genuine advancement of civilization, from the Greco-Roman origins throughout the whole adventure of Christendom. We were never more conscious, however, of the fact that to the world at large these things are little more than meaningless abstractions. A recent writer on mediaeval thought has just called our attention for the hundredth time to that singleness of conviction which prevailed during the epoch of the Schools; and in so doing, he forced us to meditate anew upon the anarchical fluidity of today's mentality.

It is not so much a matter of the divorce of our common culture from religion, though it is that, too. A morning newspaper chronicler may devote his column to an unimportant but recently discovered letter of Voltaire without greatly disturbing us. Somehow one expects him to do just that, to find nothing more exciting in the day's news than a faded scrap of very much ossified scepticism. We are not dismayed either by the circumstance that Dr. Freud's latest book (how many volumes has Dr. Freud written?) reverts to the level of Haeckel theorizing in so far as religion is concerned. After all it is too much to expect that modern science can rid itself of all its mechanistic hobbies in one generation. What is really astounding is the prevalent habit of accepting things such as these in a spirit of optimism. Why does it never strike anyone that a man who can find nothing more interesting to write about than a Voltaire letter is in a very bad way? The courts of the eighteenth century had plenty of the Vicar Savoyard fresh from the mint; and to date nobody has ventured to assert that these were model courts. The "reason" movement in the French Revolution waxed fat on the same diet, and grew into a truly monstrous ogre as a consequence. Can we expect anything better of it today? Can we, indeed, consider it a recipe for "progress"?

Progress hallelujahs of diverse kinds nevertheless flood the American air. We are happy in our prosperity. Apparently we rejoice in our possession of Will Durant, and in such facts as that every mother can

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now own a wrist watch. The cave-man (or is it the Glozel man?) has become a welcome addition to the family tree, while the celebration of Christ's nativity is an advertising rampage. Are we not learning more and more all the time? Is not the very circumstance that the evil men do lives after them enabling us to grasp more clearly the paltry dimensions of the heroic? Here are manifest evidences of a joyous evolutionary process. We may not have succeeded in reducing all life to the dimensions of the cell. We have managed excellently, however, to crowd almost everything into the stature of a slightly-below-average man. It is comforting to own a universe one can understand, and the specifically contemporary "universe" is one any amateur can master at a glance. A mechanistic world is something even a watchmaker can comprehend; an organic, spiritually energized world is something which Aristotle himself could not fathom. The sacred Christian mysteries are inexplicable; but "myth" in the current sense is a kind of Santa Claus every child can see through.

Popular optimism is likely to exist in direct ratio to the absence of problems. All thinking is the result of confronting problems. And what could be more exuberant than not being required to think? A world that fancies it has paid all its bills is the only world that can take a carefree holiday. Unfortunately such dreams always run square up against doing. The business of acting always involves a choice, but fundamentally this is a choice between universes. The laws by which men govern themselves are everlastingly those by which they think the world is governed. Our principles are never less than cosmic principles. It is therefore imperative these should be right. It is also apparent that, in so far as a large share of contemporary consciousness is concerned, they are not right. We have little love for the business (so much admired by a school of current French writers) of trying to find the beginning and end of evil. Yet it is worth observing that precisely this is being done, quite unwittingly, by an increasing number of people.

Not often, perhaps, has America read of so appalling a crime as that committed by William Edward Hickman in Los Angeles. The inconceivably brutal murder of a little girl on the eve of Christmastide, forcing one to recall Freud's notion that cannibalism is evidence that man is born a savage; the spectre of mental and moral degeneracy unaffected by the most repugnant details of brutality—these are characteristics which distinguish this highly lurid representative of the country's younger bad men. And the motive? He seems to have wanted, if one credits his confession, $1,500 with which to go to college! Here, as in very many similar cases, the most hideous crime seems to have been dictated by an almost incredibly paltry motive. Fifteen hundred dollars! It is like blowing up a boarding-house in order to get a scuttle of coal, or setting fire to a cathedral for the sake of warming one's hands. In all such cases reason has lost its meaning. There appears not only an indifference to good, but verily a predilection for evil. One recalls the old dictum that men necessarily will to arrive at their happiness. And one knows then that happiness has become like the frenzied diversions of Nero and the smirking of demons in the house of the damned.

We are not going to attribute the Hickman mentality to the influence of some particular doctrine. It is almost frighteningly obvious, however, that his universe was the absurdly simple and conveniently arranged universe now so much the vogue. One happened to want something and—as might be quoted almost verbatim from a recently published psychology—was therefore entitled to get it. There remained the question of means. One of these is, however, as good as another, provided one refuses to admit that "good" is permanent and transcendent. Hickman's selection was a trifle more bloody than, but it was not essentially different from, the vote for "individual happiness and development" which now disrupts one American family fireside out of six. It is only slightly more bizarre than writing obscene piffle for money because one can't write respectably and keep a butler. It is merely a degree removed from peddling drugs to Connecticut high-school youngsters because one is anxious to see how it will affect them.

To point to a lack of development of the "social instinct" in cases such as these is scientific in sound but futile in essence. This "instinct" itself is exposed to virtually the same conclusions. The matter of lynching is, for instance, relatively more than a point of etiquette. Recently, however, a prominent crusader against the art of stringing up malefactors in private was obliged to confess that a substantial and eminently respectable public opinion was aligned in opposition to him. Indeed, one is inclined to wonder how much of this opinion can be enlisted solidly in support of any community action in which interest or gain has no part. The whole of contemporary American society is affected by a situation which brings this "wonder" directly to the fore. Our communal attitude toward Mexico has been one of unadulterated self-interest. During more than one year we have been complacently content to sheathe all our loud expressions of interest in civilization and "humanity." We have, mostly for mean and comfortable reasons, been silent while a people died. Perhaps not even Voltaire would have done precisely that!

We believe, therefore, that the temper of mind with which we here confront the new year and the shifting contemporary scene has a larger significance than can attach to any merely numerical influence. It will prove worthwhile to recall that "principles" are as much ends as beginnings, alphas no less than omegas. For though men cannot be made to accept them as the landmarks of conduct, they need to be assured that to these they can return after cynical vagabondage. There needs to be heard a voice promising safety and joy in the midst of so many unhallowed hallelujahs.

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

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United States:	$5.00	Foreign:	$6.00
Canada:	5.50	Single Copies:	.10

WEEK BY WEEK

VIOLENCE in various Pennsylvania coal regions and the failure to date of attempts to reach some kind of settlement of the issues involved prove that coal remains a matter for serious public concern. It may be true that the consumer as such cares little how his fuel is produced, so long as it is available when needed. He is interested in the problem chiefly because constant and current friction between capital and labor endangers supply. But in desiring an end of the strife, he must also insist upon the best and most permanent ending. That is why he rightly demands that the government, normally not a court of last appeal in cases of economic disagreement, should look into the situation, decide the most advantageous course of action, and use its influence to bring this about. So far, however, nothing has been done excepting to permit the mine owners to entrench themselves behind strike-breakers and armed guards. The press has published the proposals advanced by Mr. Philip Murray, vice-president of the United Mine Workers, and we believe that most Americans have found these fair, reasonable and designed to promote peace. Who does not feel that refusal to accept the idea of a joint conference of unionized miners and federated owners to work out an equitable policy of stabilization means going back to the worst days of class warfare? For our part we urge Mr. Murray's plan upon all American citizens and hope that the government can somehow be induced to endorse it effectively. Mr. Coolidge's remarks on the subject seem to indicate at least his willingness to see the problem given an airing.

THE Governor of Maryland continues to hammer away at his dire enemy, centralization of power in the hands of the federal government. One applauds his statement that there has been a trend to "a degree of centralization and bureaucracy that has no place with a free people." Approval is even more unstinted in so far as the following remark is concerned: "Hundreds of propagandist agencies are able to make the laws of the country, while the political parties invent makeshift platforms in order to sidestep the issues for which these groups stand and a complacent people look unconcernedly on." Governor Ritchie ought to bear in mind, however, that a trend usually signifies something like a need. It was probably the ineffectiveness of state legislatures which started the movement to federalization. Next there appeared complex economic and social interweaves which far transcended the powers of individual commonwealths. Finally—and this is the heart of the matter—the making of prohibition into a common moral issue inaugurated a whole series of crusades which had Washington for their goal. Such a demand could, however, have done absolutely nothing if the states individually had not servilely bowed to it. We remember that excellent older lovers of temperance, like Dr. Lyman Abbott, resolutely opposed a federal amendment and did all they could to dissuade legislatures from voting for one. Under the circumstances, however, it would doubtless have been wiser to bear in mind the insignificance of the states and to put into effect another kind of federal liquor law. Had a movement for something like the Quebec system been launched in, say, 1910, Mr. Volstead would never have been heard of. The conclusion seems to be that opposition to federalization is not in itself sufficient. We need the right modicum of central government, and we need beyond that to resurrect the states. It is not easy to accomplish either project.

COMPENSATION for the miserable war upon religion in Mexico, which is running its predestined course toward the climax (or anticlimax) once promised Dan and Naphthali for "going after idols," is offered Catholic lovers of South America in a mail despatch from Lima published by the Osservatore Romano. On October 30 of the year just ending, a solemn High Mass, celebrated in the Cathedral of Peru's capital city in honor of the eighth provincial council, was attended by the President and Cabinet of the old empire of the Incas, and at a reception held subsequently an exchange of what it would be a misnomer to term mere official compliments passed between civil and ecclesiastical heads. "Nothing," declared President Leguia in replying to the speech of Archbishop Simon, "makes me prouder as head of my government, as a lover of my people and as a Christian practising his religion, than the homage which, in the name of the Church your boundless generosity has just offered me." Attributing to divine mercy the protec-

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tion accorded him upon two attempts on his life, the President reiterated his determination to maintain through all eventualities "the utmost harmony between Church and state." These are noble and final words, and those in this country who are concerned in presenting us with the picture of a South America struggling to free itself from the fetters of Rome and looking Northward and Lutherward for help, are invited to consider them.

PROPORTIONAL representation, that panacea of the political reformer, has been undergoing considerable overhauling in the columns of the Irish Statesman, of Dublin, and a national of Sweden, one of the countries most deeply committed to it, has been moved to write to Ireland to express his views, and the experience his own people have had of it. He tells us that the adherents of the "P. R." are "already tired of the system in its present form," and that "proportionalists are still on the hunt for the glimmering image of perfect proportional justice." Strangely enough, opposition to it in other countries is most vigorous on the part of those parties who seem to suffer most from the old practice of election by a bare majority. The Labor party in England, scandalously under-represented on the basis of population, have been the first to repudiate, through their organ, the Labor Herald, any change in the direction of representation of minorities, and make the handsome admission that the Conservative party are quite entitled to their majority and to any laws it gives them the power to enact. What lies behind the thought is, of course, apparent to the least enlightened. Labor, by overcoming the trivial obstacle of a few votes on the wrong side, hopes to reverse the verdict in the near future, and prefers the gambling chance given them by the present rough and ready method to any more static system political wisdom can devise. American observers of Europe's electoral difficulties will be inclined to congratulate themselves anew on their own Constitution which, by delivering suffrages in blocks, at least saves them from one danger. The "swing of the pendulum" was a handy instrument in days when men were more or less united in social (as contrasted with political) thought. The trouble with it today is that it swings too far in absolutely divergent directions to be safely left to the chance of a handful of votes one way or another.

THE Glozel controversy has at least this merit, that it renders the public sceptical of the validity of many reputed archaeological findings and conscious of the hard scientific labor involved in reconstructing the past. That reconstruction is also not the work of one science alone, but involves many and diverse methods of investigation. The attempt to effect a synthesis of the information obtained is, therefore, necessary and valuable. Many have tried, with varying success. Among them no man has worked with greater conscientiousness or talent than the Reverend P. W. Schmidt, S.V.D., who is now director of the Ethnological Museum in the Lateran palace, Rome. Father Schmidt's volumes on the history of races and linguistics enjoy the highest standing and among scholars form the nucleus of a substantial corpus of Catholic publications in the field. Because this year marks the completion of this learned priest's sixtieth year, friends and associates have planned to issue a memorial volume, to be published by the Anthropos Institute, Vienna. The prospectus assures contributions from many eminent scholars and promises a rare treat for readers of scientific books. It also calls our attention to the great achievement which, more or less directly encouraged by the Holy See, has kept Catholics in close touch with the vast amount of recent discovery in archaeology. Missionary enterprise and learning alike have profited by it.

LOUIS MADELIN, recently chosen to receive the honors which bloom only under the cupola of the French Academy, cannot have been forgotten by the many Americans whom he met during the course of his "propaganda" visits to the United States. The French were possibly not altogether wise but they were wholly and charmingly honest in declaring that the illustrious men sent during and after the war came with a purpose. It was surely profitable to us all to meet so cordial and lucid a man as Louis Madelin. As a historian his efforts have been devoted especially to the Napoleonic era; and his excellent monographs on the Rome of Napoleon, the Revolution and Danton are works with which no student of the era can dispense. The general public, too, has sincerely welcomed them. Somewhat careless of the niceties of Gallic syntax, Madelin recaptured the verve of narrative and the pertinence of descriptive epithet which once distinguished such writers as Michelet. When the war broke out, he followed a course of action typical of modern intellectual France. He entered the struggle a fighting soldier, paused to compose various chronicles of his experiences, and then chose to enter the political arena. His life in the Chamber was distinguished principally by his vigorous and scholarly opposition to the Herriot attack upon the Vatican embassy. This testified to the firm spiritual loyalty which has always characterized Madelin, whose early intellectual career was profoundly influenced by his friendship with Monsignor Duchesne. Two reasons, therefore, one patriotic and the other religious, impel us to send from afar these words of congratulation to the new academician.

EXACT limits to religious toleration are defined by the eminent Sinclair Lewis in the celebrated American Mercury (if we may borrow Mr. Mencken's own favorite mannerism in introducing a quotation.) Mr. Lewis speaks through the mouth of a Babbitt, discoursing on things in general in a smoking compart-

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ment: "I'm a Congregationalist myself . . . but same time, way I look at it, the other denominations —the Methodists and Baptists, and Presbyterians and Campbellites—they're all working together to make a greater and purer America. . . . Not that I think so much of these Christian Scientists and Seventh-Day Adventists and all them, though. They carry things too far, and I don't believe in going to extremes in anything; and as for the Catholics—I hope none of you gentlemen are Catholics, and I wouldn't want this to go any further, but I've always felt the Catholics were too tolerant toward drinking and smoking, and so they aren't, you might say, really hardly typical Americans at all." This sharp and wonderfully accurate etching of a state of mind becomes ferocious when Mr. Lewis has his Babbitt, cigar in mouth, chuckle over the recollection of a drunken revel in a New York night club. The contrast is effective, but hardly needed; the psychological portraiture was perfect without that. The whole satire is as fine a thing in the way of artistic blistering as Mr. Lewis has done.

NOBODY was found worthy to receive the handsome prizes offered by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation for essays. It must have been disappointing to note that whereas 600,000 circulars produced 10,000 manuscripts, these last produced not one single paper which the Foundation could proudly father. One must, however, avoid concluding either that the United States cannot write or that the former President is an uninspiring subject. Huge monetary offers such as this always set a myriad wheels in motion that are capable of turning out anything else but literature. The boys and girls who at some time or other received a good mark for their themes hasten to the typist with their hopes and their paragraphs. On the other hand it is not likely that anybody who has delved and pondered sufficiently to be able to write a first-class paper about Wilson would sit down and manufacture the kind of propaganda which the Foundation desires. We venture to believe that if some impartial person offered $25,000 for a frank historical essay on the last Democratic President, he would get at least a dozen satisfactory manuscripts. The Foundation award was afflicted with the same disease which turned the Bok Peace Prize into a farce—a craving for propaganda at any cost. It is refreshing to note that no really high-class writer was willing to stultify himself to the extent that was demanded.

CENTENARIES are too present a help in time of trouble to the harassed daily and weekly writer to be let pass easily without commemoration. One that seems to have missed comment until the eleventh hour is the six hundredth anniversary of the custom of the Angelus bell, which occurred somewhere in the year that has just passed. The exact date, it has to be admitted, is a matter of tradition rather than of fact. We know only that, in the year 1327, the custom is found mentioned as general in the Milanese territory of what is now the Swiss canton of Ticino, having been introduced by one Bonvesin da Riva, a Franciscan tertiary with a great devotion to the Mother of God, and that its diffusion throughout Europe was almost miraculously swift. In the beginning the bell was apparently rung only at eventide. Mention of its also being sounded in the morning is made in the papal approval extended to it by John XXII, and by 1472, the present modality of thrice daily was established. No single observance of the Church, it is safe to say, has so appealed to popular imagination, without distinction of religion, as the faltering little bell which reminds the plowman and harvester at morning, noon and evening how near heaven lies to earth. "No moment of the world's history," an Italian writer has remarked, "has so many monuments erected to it. They may be counted by hundreds of thousands, and however much arid hearts may protest that the custom has the value only of a sentiment, the Church does not cease to ring her bell, the faithful to pray when they hear it, and any heart that is not irremediably vulgar to give a thought to the mystery it commemorates."

FIVE years ago, as many of our readers may remember, considerable excitement was aroused in the scientific world by the discovery in Nebraska, by a local geologist, Mr. Harold Cook, of a single fossilized molar tooth which, it was claimed, had belonged to an extinct ape closely allied to man. Professor Fairfield Osborne, of the American Museum of Natural History, having examined the specimen, found himself in agreement with the discoverer and in his honor named the animal to which it had belonged "hesperopithecus haroldcookei." The scientific world having shown itself more than dubious as to the determination, Professor Osborne asked Professors Gregory and Hellman to make a further and exhaustive enquiry into the matter. The result of their observations, published in our contemporary, Science, seems to show that the tooth did not in fact belong to any kind of monkey but to an extinct genus of peccary many of whose teeth have been found in the same locality. As the peccary belongs to the pig family it is plain that the significance attached to the find was quite unwarranted.

WHEN The Commonweal some months ago, at the time of the Interborough strike, spoke of subway conditions at rush hours as "an affront to decency," it admits it was employing the words in their wider sense and was as little prepared as the rest of New York for the evidence just given by Health Commissioner Harris, which adds fresh and sinister significance to the phrase. As admission after admission is wrung from reluctant witnesses speaking on behalf of the Company, the impression grows that we are facing a major scandal, and that if the statue of Dante which stands above the most congested section of the line could come to life and descend into the bowels of the earth,

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another chapter to the Inferno would be forthcoming. It is plain that the limit of bearability has been passed, that congestion has become terrifying, and that it is dogged by the daily possibility of a catastrophe which may yet shock city and country. The situation is worsened by the attitude, alternately contentious and frivolous, which is being shown by those responsible. Some of the answers, as reported, are almost unbelievable in their callousness. When all allowance is made for the ten-year duel between city and company which has held up subway construction, and for the geographical difficulties of the problem, the sullen opposition to remedial measures on the part of the Interborough remains little short of perverse.

PROSPERITY'S AGE-LIMIT

AS PROSPERITY becomes more and more the national slogan, there is noticeable a growing sensitiveness over its practical manifestations. A month seldom passes now without some report, official or otherwise, on the subject being presented to the public. These reports profess, by means of questionnaires, trade statistics or some other of the hundred and one ways through which the nation is cross-indexed and averaged, to apportion the approximate distribution of the well-being which is evidenced in soaring buildings, congested traffic, automobile sales and crowded stores. Nothing, from the balance of exports to the comparative length of that dismal portent the "bread-line," cannot be made to serve as a text upon this engrossing theme.

This nervousness (for such it is) is easily explainable. Capitalism, as a system, is hard to defend. The proceedings at the Student Congress which has been held at Columbia during the past week are sufficient proof of this. It has the initial defect of being ugly. In one sense of the word it is inhuman, for it is unable perforce to take account of a host of imponderables which never appear in trade reports but which are the real stuff of many and many an individual life. For its justification it has to rely upon pragmatic values. When all the arguments of those who regard it as the final and almost irremediable human mistake have been listened to, the proof still rests upon their shoulders of showing what better system could be devised by which the world (as it is, and not as it might be if three centuries could be recovered) can still be run as a working affair. In the words of Mr. Ivy Lee, public relations counsellor of the Rockefellers and others, who might almost be considered capitalism's typical product, it remains the great "energizer" that in one form or another is accountable for the material progress achieved until today.

Those who would still attack capitalism, therefore, and who remain unimpressed by its plausible façade, are more and more consenting to meet the issue on the ground selected by their antagonists and attempting to prove that the system does not work as is claimed for it, or works imperfectly, or works hardship to so many lives that the balance of its advantages disappears. Does this boasted prosperity permeate? they ask. Does it not only reach to all classes of the community in some degree, but persist to the end of the lives of those who have given it hard service and enjoyed a share of its benefits during a portion of their existence? This is an aspect of the case that those who are the avowed champions of the present economic system find it harder to meet. For here the verdict must be decided on evidence which is matter of record and not of theory.

On its face, the recent report of the National Civic Federation, which has been abundantly debated in the editorial columns of the press, is comforting. It claims to show, by means of a questionnaire addressed to a fairly large group of nearly 15,000 persons over sixty-five, that comparatively few of them are in the category classed as "dependent." But its deductions have been questioned by organizations which have quite as good means for getting at the truth and which push their inquiries further. Perhaps the most damning indictment is contained in the reply of the American Association for Old Age Security, which states, as a matter of common knowledge, that "many industries today refuse employment to men past the age of forty." Other organizations, while less definite, are practically unanimous in denying any real value to this latest inquiry. As ammunition to Mr. Ivy Lee and those who think with him, the shell forged by the Federation must be regarded as what many young men who put capitalism behind them for two years in 1917 were wont to term a "dud."

The "age question" in industry, in fact, is by now notoriously one of the most vulnerable points in the whole capitalistic system. Inquiries conducted over a number of years agree in putting the maximum productive period of adult life somewhere between the ages of twenty-five and forty. At the latter age, the worker by brain or muscle may have reached a level of economic security which enables him to look old age in the face with a fair degree of confidence. Or he may have attained executive position sufficiently remunerated to allow of saving and investment. If neither of these things has happened him, his position is likely to be hard. His wage value (human nature being what it is) will henceforth be judged, not on the basis of ability or record, but by his comparative lack of chances for alternative employment. That wages are a commodity, that the same law of demand and supply governs them which governs any other class of commodities, is a lesson economists have been drumming into our ears for half a century. It is seldom fairly met by the advocates of capitalism, and this for a very excellent reason. To admit it would be to admit at the same time a host of implications which would leave the economic structure a very shabby and disreputable affair.

Nor is the case disposed of by pointing out to the

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wage-earner that his social duty is to save during the years his earning power is at top-notch. The answer leaves out of consideration a large class of men, and perhaps a larger class of women, whose opportunities to earn at all are dependent upon at least an outward appearance of well-being. A very large proportion of the prosperity upon which the nation congratulates itself is directly derived from this necessity of "keeping up appearances." The precept of the "good front" is preached in publicity campaigns and builds the text of a host of thinly disguised advertising mediums whose sole reason for existence is the multiplication of what are loosely termed the "luxury trades."

The maturing wage-earner of today, indeed, finds himself confronted with a dilemma of the first order. Shall he concentrate on thrift, cutting out all but the essentials of food, shelter and clothing? If he does he is quite likely to find many of the trades upon which his livelihood depends, directly or indirectly, disappearing into insolvency. Shall he maintain them with his spare currency during the years when hope runs high and anything seems possible? Then, failing good luck, upon which he cannot rely, it is probable that the declining years of a hard-working life will be passed either in dependence upon relatives or in one of those casual employments flung to grey hairs, whose pittance keeps his name out of the dependent list but leaves the real tragedy intact. It is a rather cruel alternative. We leave its justification to public relation counsellors and their ilk, who, borne upon the overhead of prosperity as upon a flood-tide, are preaching capitalism as the great human "energizer."

ARROWS IN THE AIR

"CATHOLIC WRITERS' DAY," recently observed in London, was a first attempt to reproduce in England movements of a similar character that have taken place in France and Italy, and there can be little doubt that, in one form or another, the idea will spread to the United States. In considering any such movement, heed should be taken at the start of the very different conditions that exist in widely separated countries. Some of these differences are inherent in national character, temperament and history. Some result from circumstances which change from decade to decade, and change sometimes, it may be remarked, in proportion to the pains put forth to combat them where they appear antipathetic to Christian or Catholic thought. Only a moment's consideration is needed to convince any who read these lines that the rôle of the Catholic writer in France, where the republican government has been at odds with the Church for forty-five years, must be different from its rôle in England, where religious liberty is by now pretty firmly established. With equal truth it has to be admitted that in England, where sequestration and persecution are traditions far from dim among men of the older faith, doctrinal controversy is apt to take on a sharper tone, and permit of fewer and shorter truces, than in our own newer and more tolerant land, where practically every communion has the wilderness as its background.

When all this is granted, it is undeniable that, from any congress such as that held at Westminster, lessons must proceed whose applicability is general. The audience an accepted writer addresses today is too vast, the diffusion of the written word, whatever form it takes—novel, monograph, editorial, essay, poem even—is too wide, for any writer to contract himself out of the responsibility it imposes, by pleading real or fancied differences between the rest of the world and the audience for whom it was primarily intended. The days of America's literary apartness are over. The American writer, Catholic or otherwise, is read in every quarter of the globe, and often interpreted in a manner that might surprise him did he know it. "Whether our writers treat, 'ex professo,' of religious and scientific subjects," says the Osservatore Romano, in summing up the results of the Westminster congress, "or whether they occupy their talent with more popular themes, an opportunity is always theirs to speak for the basic principles which should lie at the core of their writings."

In comparing the lot of the Catholic writer here with that of his trans-Atlantic brother, indeed, it may respectfully be doubted whether the balance of advantage inclines to the side of the former as sharply as some depressed European writers would suggest. If governmental hostility to his faith is unthinkable, if dogmatic bitterness, save in a few obscure corners of the union, has abated to vanishing point, he stands, none the less, face to face with a more deadly and insidious enemy, the so-called "spirit of the age." And just because he must meet it under protean forms that often mask its enmity to—or, far worse, incomprehension of—all he holds of first importance, his responsibility is greater, not less, for the difference. The ignorance in our country of Catholic doctrine, considered as a body of conduct that imposes definite rules of personal behavior in every conjuncture of life, is an amazing corollary to the tolerance with which the body of faith is regarded, and to the interest which waits upon the skilled writer who knows how to convey his convictions without obtruding them. The form a lay apostolate (for such it is) can afford to take remains largely conditioned by individual talent, temperament and even inclination. That it should be uninsistent on the letter of faith often presents itself as a necessity of our age, if a wide public is to be reached. But that it should be infused with the spirit is just as necessary if the corporate ideal of the Catholic writers in England is to be realized and if the Catholic writer is ever to become, under God, an instrument for "satisfying the desire of so many seekers for light and firm footing in a dark and shifting world, and for implanting in doubting hearts the first gleam of an absolute truth."

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WHAT THE CHURCH IN MEXICO WANTS

A STATEMENT BY BISHOP DIAZ

"THE statement lately made by one of the New York newspapers that 'until there is peace between Church and state in Mexico there will not be complete peace in Mexico, and there will not be untroubled understanding between Mexico and the United States,' seems to me very significant. One cannot help feeling that the American people, now convinced that there exists no likelihood of war between themselves and the republic to the South, are ready to view without bias the facts in the terrible religious and social conflict which has been in progress during more than a year. This is certainly one good result of the present campaign for good will, in which Colonel Lindbergh has played such an important part."

This statement, coming from Bishop Pascual Diaz, leader of the Mexican hierarchy, to a representative of The Commonweal, seems to constitute a significant and almost unparalleled rapprochement between Catholic opinion regarding Mexico and general opinion regarding Mexico. Bishop Diaz went on to state that now, as formerly, the Church desires to find a settlement of existing difficulties on a basis of good will, that it desires neither martial intervention nor any imperialistic manoeuvre.

"Precisely what attitude does the Mexican hierarchy take toward the Mexican government today?" the interviewer asked. "Is the Church to insist upon its traditional status, or does it suggest a compromise?"

"The position of the bishops," the Bishop replied, "remains precisely the same as the stand outlined in the memorial presented to the Mexican legislature on September 6, 1926. At that time we said that in accordance with the right of petition guaranteed by Article VIII of the Constitution, and in response to a request from the President of the republic, we demanded, in the name of the Catholic people of Mexico, the abrogation of certain clauses in the Constitution and the reform of others. We were actuated, we said, by the patriotic desire to put an end to the existing religious conflict; to secure for Mexican Catholics their religious freedom; to purge the law of the land of unjust precepts, which on the one hand ignored the religious life of the country and on the other hand clamped it into bonds essentially those of slavery; and to restore the dignity of civilization to our country.

"What were our demands in substance? We asked neither tolerance nor complacent recognition—much less either prerogatives or favors. We demanded liberty: nothing more than liberty, not only for Catholics but for all faiths. On the fundamental of this liberty, we said, modern society has been established. For its sake many institutions have been dismantled, and a torrent of blood has been shed. And what else could a policy of suppressing all religious beliefs be excepting the negation of this liberty?

"More specifically we asserted that religious liberty implied liberty of education without which liberty of thought and freedom of speech become a mere pretense; the liberty of association which permits to those who are bound by religious vows full realization on this earth of the 'life of God,' and life in community which, as the Sacred Scripture tells us, is nothing else than an 'incentive to charity and good works.' We said further that there was question of the liberty of worship which guarantees an independent organization of the hierarchy and the religious authority, and we asserted that we asked for the right to settle wherever that was indispensable for the fulfillment of religious ends and for the welfare of the Church.

"That these demands were a national need was, we said, revealed eloquently by the initiative of Venustiano Carranza to secure modification of Articles III and CXXX of the Constitution. Please note that our demands did not in any way affect the matters which the national aspirations insisted upon as beneficial to the worker whose sorry plight so much impressed Pope Leo XIII, now rightly famed as the 'Pontiff of the laboring classes.' Indeed, no one feels more deeply than do the leaders of the Mexican Catholic Church the need of measures which will benefit the poor of towns and cities, at a time when conditions have so strongly clamored for renovation.

"No. What we protest against is the slavery to which the Church has been subjected—which is nothing else than the deprivation of the Catholic's right to live according to his principles. We are certain, therefore, that we uphold a view sanctioned by thousands of years of human experience, and accepted without hesitation by all civilized peoples who see what an immense benefit freedom and tranquillity of conscience have conferred upon the world."

"Will you say that the Mexican Church stands by this program as firmly as it did in 1926?"

"Unhesitatingly," the Bishop replied. "I may say that this view represents not only my own personal feeling, but also the feeling of all Mexican bishops, in whose name the memorial of September, 1926, was presented to the House of Representatives."

The Bishop then added that he had read with great pleasure a number of comments in our secular press which seemed to express the eagerness of our people to see the end of a persecution which has endangered the peace and civilization of a great people. He also spoke commendingly of the editorial which The Commonweal printed last week under the caption of Have

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Faith in Morrow. It may therefore not be altogether inappropriate to reproduce from that editorial some passages which continue to have great significance:

> It is being confidently predicted by hundreds of newspapers that the success so far attendant upon Mr. Morrow's beneficent activities makes the settlement of all disputes between the United States and Mexico inevitable and immediate. The Commonweal hopes that the press is correct. If we are right in our first proposition, namely, that Ambassador Morrow is not gambling in Mexico, but knows exactly what he is doing, then we are justified in believing a second proposition: which is, that Lindbergh's flight, arranged by Ambassador Morrow, and creating as it did so widespread and so friendly an interest in Mexico, is the psychological prelude to a settlement of all the more serious problems affecting the relations of the United States with its nearest neighbor among the Latin-American countries.
>
> Having faith in Ambassador Morrow, we therefore confidently await the announcement not only that the question of American property rights in Mexico will be satisfactorily adjusted, but also that the religious issue will be met and solved. Ambassador Morrow, being a man of marked intelligence, cannot help but see that if the persecution of the Catholics is continued, any official settlement of the purely political and property problems must remain merely partial and unsatisfactory to many millions of Mexicans and Americans.
>
> Let us recall some of the anti-religious laws of Mexico: The ownership of all churches is vested in the federal government, which reserves the right to determine which of them shall continue to be used as churches. No new place of worship may be dedicated without the permission of the government. All acts of religion must be performed within the churches. Only civil marriages are valid. The Mexican state legislatures determine the maximum number of clergymen. One Mexican state decreed that the Catholics were entitled to one priest for each 30,000. No religious corporation or clergyman may establish or conduct primary schools or institutions for scientific research or the diffusion of knowledge. All spiritual exercises or religious instruction in private schools are forbidden. The Church may not establish or conduct institutions for the sick and the poor. Religious corporations are forbidden to own not only churches but clerical residences, schools, orphan asylums, convents or any other building used for religious or educational or charitable purposes. All ministers of religion are forbidden to criticize these and similar provisions of the Constitution, the authorities or the government. No religious periodical may comment upon political affairs or publish anything whatsoever concerning the political authorities. And, of course, no clergyman may vote, or hold public office, or take part in *any* political assemblage.

We would like to add some words calculated to express in a feeble manner the deep impression which the personality of Bishop Pascual Diaz has made upon all those fortunate enough to come in contact with him. It is impossible that any American, meeting this humble but singularly intelligent and saintly prelate, should fail to realize that in his person he summarizes the aspirations and the spiritual achievements of the Indian population of Mexico, which from the beginning of European contact with this continent has been a particular object of the Church's affection. No mere lust for power, no desire to curb the liberties of the individual or the race, actuates the men of whom he is the representative. Guided by the same eagerness to promote the establishment of the City of God on earth which inspired Junipero Serra on his barefoot voyage to the California hills, the Mexican clergy of today, bearing the sign of martyrdom no less than the joy of service to conviction, awaits the coming of that tranquillity which all men of good will yearn to see established in the land of Guadalupe.

A POET OF THE NEW AUSTRIA

By FRIEDRICH FUCHS

WHO is Heinrich Suso Waldeck? The name, which is affixed to a much-talked-of volume of lyric verse—of selections frugally chosen—published recently under the title of Die Antlitzgedichte, is absolutely new in literature. Could it be the romantic pseudonym of a young, even a very young, writer? Or a name hit upon by one more among the feverish swarm of yesterday's mystics? Those who arrived at such a conclusion were badly mistaken. It is a pseudonym and, it may be, a poor one, for all I know. These poems are not flavored with the minnesong sweetness of Suso, the gentle servant of Eternal Wisdom, but are spiced rather with the torment and bitterness which sometimes beset Suso the ascetic. Their author, whose volume comes as a surprise, is a man of more than fifty, who serves as chaplain in a Vienna hospital. Though his verse does not keep to one tone or maintain a level of excellence, it is probably a selection from the work of many years and is, whatever else may be said, resolutely masculine. No quality is more impressive in our time. It is not an accident that in contemporary German satire the representative modern poets are described as belonging to the feminine sex. Waldeck's diction makes an instant appeal, therefore, because of the fact that it is muscular and sinewy.

Notice the stern opening of the Song of the Sleepless:

> Night, swooping down on me
> With cold stars and the wind,
> With spaces deep and blind,
> Asks of me bravery.

And the firm closing stanza of the same unusual poem:

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So through the gloom I must
Wrestle with him for rest,
And, hymning praises, best
Him in the morning's joust.

Just as a feminine poet like Ruth Schaumann is notable for the melodiousness she coaxes out of the German tongue, so Waldeck's riches is rhythm. Anyone who has once attuned his ear to a poem like Day of Burial can hardly rid himself of the haunting rhythm (not to be recaptured, of course, in translation):

Here is Martin's house, who loved not farming,
Caroused ten years in the city's swarming.
Empty it stood there, the house forsaken by all,
Like a beggar in the road none hears call.
Here is Martin's house, whom someone's burying.
Dully the black box through the courtyard's hurrying.
Two silly little girls huddle in the smudge
Like twin stuffed birds, and do not budge.

In a different vein, the tempo of the spring is reflected in these two stanzas of The Old Man:

Patient, he gathers the sheaf of each day,
Though cherry and juniper bloom,
Though beasts and the youngish folk at play
Think the spring in their veins is their doom.
For lust of bluster and shine and sheen,
All these he has long outgrown;
Nor thinks he of vanished springtimes e'en—
Perhaps of winters and harvests known.
And if he should go by the churchyard wall,
He will warm his hands on the stones,
Greet his beloved with no grief at all,
And give thanks for resting his bones.

This poetry, the life of which is rhythm, is as authentically German as the monologue of Faust. It is faithful to no measure, being untouched by romantic influences, but is constantly coined anew out of the metal of language. Only when it assumes the mood of hymnody, as in several remarkably beautiful passages, does it revivify the heritage of antiquity. When mystery is sensed as near and overwhelming, the poet falls into a classic strain reminiscent of Hölderlin, although one immediately discards this comparison. For it is a Christian hymnody and therefore unflinchingly real. We feel, however, that Waldeck is most completely himself in the poems which are conceived wholly in the spirit of his own tongue. How could the stress in The Old Man, from which we have just quoted, be expressed in a romance language? Nevertheless Waldeck is not a poet whom translation lays utterly bare. He has substance. He is rich in familiarity with things. His consistently masculine verse is close to reality. Indeed, one might almost speak of his "objective" lyricism. Only rarely does he tell us anything about himself, and when he does the confession is almost invariably made objectively, through the mouth of another speaker:

Robed in white I go my ways,
Touch me no dark things dare:
Always the Risen One arrays
Me in His linen fair.

Ordinarily the things of the outer world do not serve this poet as symbols for inward happenings, but they are regarded for their own sakes, in their own essences, though naturally with the eye of a poet. They are visioned in a clear, hard light, and they are named with their most pertinent names. If Francis Thompson had written Waldeck's hymn to wine (The Cellar) he would have rushed down upon us out of a world intermediary between earth and heaven, where terrestrial things, dipped in purple, lose their outlines. Waldeck's song clings wholly to the concrete reality, and keeps its place within the actual situation that is being developed, with genuine masculine power.

Realism is most noticeable in the descriptions of village life. It is true that one comes across scenes taken from the large city—"A brook rots, skirting the edge of a suburb" is a phrase which comes to mind—but the poet derives his most spontaneous images from the Bohemian village of which he was a native and in which he received his first youthful impressions. Evil, the "malum" of theological terminology, ugliness, suffering, sin—all these occupy a disconcertingly large space in the objective universe of this poet. His vocabulary is rich in words that indicate the unspeakably ugly. "Runes filled with dire meaning" are inlaid deep into the surface of his verse. Is it a naturalism which triumphs in the presentation of the ugly because it can here most pertinently express its principle? Yes and no. Of course it is not the long-since-outmoded but still constantly reappearing naturalism of the aging nineteenth century. It is religious in motivation. Our poet, though a pastor in a large city, has not, it is true, been actuated by pastoral or social motives. Franz Werfel, incorporating the outer world, its uglier aspects included, in his work, reflects an abiding sense of social pathos and retains in the background of his expression a vigorous ethical demand. All such feeling and volition is foreign in a very especial way to our priest-poet. He himself suggests his point of view in Cleansing:

Even the dead laughter of the moon is beautiful. . .
And slime in the blue mouth of one drowned.
Beautiful is a thief scrambling across a roof. . .
For, during a still night magical, God
Mercifully gave me of His modes of vision,
This one by which I gaze on every ugliness
Even as does He, who molds all to His mirth.
As He looks on, evil seems altered into play,
Yes, clownishness, before His peaceful face.
How blessed were the Blest, if darkling images
Could take on form within their gazing eyes!
Blessed are poets who, re-fashioning earth,
Find festal raiment for the ugly, too—
Hearkening the magic Word and the Creative gaze.
They also, then, shall hear the Sabbath's cry.

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The mystery of the "malum," which since Augustine's time will not loose its grip upon the deepest of thinkers, also occupies the foreground of the world dwelt in by this priest and poet, forcing all else aside. Augustine said meditatively:

> For thee, O God, there is nothing evil, yes, not for Thee alone but for all Thy creation, too; for there is nothing outside which could intrude and destroy the harmony which Thou has prescribed for the all. But in the various parts of creation, there is much which is considered evil, which has not found its proper place; but again there are cases when this same "much" does harmonize with other things, does seem to us good, and is actually good in itself. And all these things, which do not agree among themselves, do harmonize with that lowly portion of creation which we name the earth. . . . Already Thy justice is unpleasing to the evil; why should we wonder, then, that adders and worms should be found displeasing, which Thou hast created for the good uses of the lower region of Thy creation?

The philosopher Père Sertillanges has recently expressed a demand for a Thomistic poetry. Though we do not wish to interpret the objectivity of Waldeck in the sense of that demand, we do find it giving the Thomist food for thought. Our philosopher seeks in poetry integrity, wholeness, which means, if we understand him correctly, that a work of poetic art must, after the manner of a monad, reflect being as a whole. What Père Sertillanges misses in Georges Bernanos and his Sous le Soleil du Satan—that is, amid so vast a panorama of the horns of Satan, a view of the half-moon which supports the feet of the Virgin—this he would also fail to discover in the Antlitzgedichte of Waldeck. Our poet explains:

> Fulsome as the dew and rain,
> Salvation fell upon you.
> But always, down your stone-like skin,
> It runs, leaving your stain.

And after he has summoned into view the whole misery of the sinful creature Adam and of the children of Adam—"The evil in everything is human sin. By reason of it each dies so frightfully"—he complains to men:

> If you were pure!
> The world would die of your radiance,
> In a white flame, a beautiful death,
> If you were pure.

Only the end of all days, "the eighth the eternal day," which Waldeck, genuinely Augustinian in this idea, sees hastened by the clean of heart, can restore its wholeness and harmony to the world given back to God:

> You would go before God, who gives benediction.
> I am the world, am without spot and am yours.

LEANING AGAINST A PILLAR

By EDITH ALMEDINGEN

THERE is a pillar in a Florentine church, an ordinary pillar, not too beautiful, not too ugly, a pillar one would pass by without noticing, unless, perchance, one's limbs were weary and one's back clamored for support and one might then lean against the cool yellow marble. There is a vision in store for whosoever thus leans against this very ordinary pillar.

A youth—a mere boy—austere in his clumsily cut black cloth doublet, the golden curls rioting untidily around a forehead which would not have shamed a seraphim. Giovanni Beltraffio, your slender fingers are always stained with ochre and cobalt and carmine, but why do you lay aside your brush and what is the strange question hovering on your lips:

"What is sin, Messere?"

He has put it into words, however crudely and artlessly—that question which has been torturing him since he came to Leonardo. The seventeen summers behind him proffer no answer. The master may give it him and so calm the vague curious unrest within him. For the master never errs. . . . Yet something like genuine bewilderment creeps into Leonardo's eyes. Does the boy know what he is asking? Sin? Is there any other except—but he checks his unspoken thought. The little ones of the world should never be beguiled by the quicksands of cynical ideas. However, why should he, Leonardo, be asked this question? The structure of the body, the texture of human skin and a score of other things should he teach his pupils, but why theology? Yet Giovanni Beltraffio is different. There is a hunger in him, soul's hunger, vast and persistent and insatiable. Leonardo strokes his beard in silence. Let him try and send the boy back from whence he had come.

"Go you to the friars of San Marco. They will enlighten you."

Crimson rushes into the boy's cheeks.

"I dare not go to them now I have pledged myself to you, Messere." And he adds timidly, "They say you have the devil."

"Would I not be versed in the ways of sin and its definitions, if I had him? But you have done wrong in coming to me, Giovanni. I cannot teach you these things. Betrayal of truth in art is the only sin I battle against and the holy people of Florence would hold it a grievous heresy if they but knew——"

"Yet you are a Christian, Messere," marvels the boy.

"Lodovico Moro is a Christian and so is Valentino. What of that?" Suddenly the master grips Giovanni's

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shoulder. "Talk not to me of these things, boy. Leave me, if you so will, go back to your friars. They might give you things I have not to give. Peace and stability of spirit. . . . No such thing exists in the world. All is motion and cadence and vibration—from the scurrying clouds in the morning sky to the look of hidden hate in the eyes of a betrayed lover. We live because we move. But you must not listen, Giovanni." And, abruptly the master goes back to his study when tears leap to the boy's eyes.

"Ah, Messere, why—why—" But the question dies on his lips.

That night Leonardo keeps his usual vigil in the study. The master's mind molds a decision, sword-straight and stern like a warning of the oncoming storm:

"The boy shall go back to those people, but I will not tell him to go."

A living liquid thunder is passing through a crowded church and the gay Florentine ladies gather their mantillas round their shoulders and shiver, and the fingers of absent-minded men run down the glittering scabbards of their swords. Blue hell-fire, the torrents of God's justice. . . . The chariot of Jehovah seems to start from somewhere behind the dimmed, remote altar and ride down the crowded nave. The women stop fingering their beads. From a dark corner comes a smothered cry of wild panic—"Misericordia!" Men bite their lips, but even they cannot screen their inward eyes from the terrific vision of all-sweeping justice and their strong, sinewy arms tremble under the heavy velvet cloaks.

Is it a pulpit—there, far beyond the closely packed nave, or is it a smoking summit of God's own mount? Its curved parapet runs away into darkness, cutting a sharp black line into the white habit of the preacher. An unearthly fire trembles in the ugly lips, fires dance in the deeply sunken eyes, the clumsy Dominican cowl is brushed off from the deeply lined forehead.

The audience sits still, held in that piercing grip of torrential words.

It is not a face, really—only the bitterly uncouth lips, and the eyes alive with something more than mere human life, eyes which have seen the utmost cruelty and now shelter the flames of God. Eyes of an avenger—for the Christ of God is to be avenged and no lesser one. Fra Girolamo is no preacher, but a pillar of fire and it scorches the very hearts of his listeners into passive, inert immobility.

"And the Lord of Hosts shall descend in his wrath——"

The last candle on the altar battles for its remaining life, sends out a fitful blue flicker and then joins the darkness of the frescoed walls. Only a torch, ensconced in a tall brass holder, illumines the rich carvings of the pulpit and lends a grotesque irony to the pitifully ugly mouth and the terrible eyes.

And now the last message of flame leaves those lips and an emaciated, blue-veined hand grips the parapet as the friar bends forward, the cowl now pushed very low over his face. Bends forward in utter silence, but all in the congregation feel the fire of his eyes rest on them and they shiver lest the all-sweeping glance should penetrate into the dimmest and most shameful corners of their little lives and set them alight for censure and damnation.

No one stirs and Fra Girolamo keeps immobile, too, and somehow this dead stillness is worse than the thundered sermon. They feel as though all their unworthinesses and littlenesses were being weighed on the scales of relentless equity. . . . And the threatening, sinister silence goes on. . . .

Then the white hand loosens its iron grip on the parapet. A changed, weakened voice mumbles some words of casual, inaudible prayer. The preacher begins descending the pulpit, the fire in him put out by the all-conquering fatigue.

Yet no one stirs, though someone, leaning against a back pillar, is active enough. Black velvet clothes look striking against the pale yellow marble. The beautifully molded head is bent over a huge sketch-book, held in the right hand. The left, slender and white like a woman's, is busy with a stick of charcoal. The very posture of the black-swathed limbs bespeaks an utter detachment from the surroundings: crowds cease to exist for Messere Leonardo, once his head is bent over the sketchbook.

The white-habited friar passes him, and the master bows with a courteous grace, but the cowled head is turned away—with more than a hint of pronounced contempt.

"Messere Leonardo," Beltraffio's studiously lowered voice breaks onto the painter's ear, "the illustrious Signoria has sent for you."

"They can wait," answers Leonardo. "No, they shall not, for we are sorely in need of their precious gold. Come, Giovanni, I have finished."

And the bulky sketchbook snaps as Beltraffio follows him into the piazza.

The boy is vaguely disturbed. Surely it is not permissible to use charcoal in church during services—and what was the master sketching? Curiosity conquers hesitation and he nestles closer to Leonardo.

"Messere," he pleads like a child, "May I have just one look?"

"You may go to San Marco to have a better one," replies Leonardo dryly, "However——"

He opens the book. Beltraffio gasps. Boldly and faultlessly drawn, the friar's face looks at him. Distorting, grimacing, the fear of an idiot or of one possessed lurking in the widely opened eyes. The lips twitch, as though held in an unendurable pain. The figure is kneeling down, the thin, taloned hands spread out in a gesture of panic. The fear in the staring eyes mingles with some strange unearthly lure. The face is that of a visionary, but the one-sidedness of its vision is enhanced by the eagerness of the hands stretched out to reach the unattainable grey clouds. It is repelling

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and disgusting and magnificent. . . . A face to pity, but never to forget. And over it tremble the words, crudely sprawled in charcoal, "Behold the foolishness of the wise man."

Beltraffio recoils.

"Messere, it is terrible! Is he like that?"

"I saw him thus," wearily answers Leonardo, "But you need have no fears. No one shall ever see it, except myself—a useless tool of the Signoria's."

"But, Messere——"

"Hold thy tongue, boy! There is heresy in this sketch. Forget that you have seen it."

The youth holds his peace, however unwillingly. Quick and broken thoughts, some of them tinged with wildness, flash through his mind. Could this be the self-same Fra Girolamo who wished beyond all things to cleanse the city of Florence? This—a panic-stricken maniac, with no trace of God's love on his face? But Messere Leonardo has drawn him thus and Messere Leonardo has the devil in him, so the monks said once. The boy shrinks back from his master's touch. Fear traces its unmistakable pattern on the young face. What if he had been wrong after all? Should he not turn back even now? But he says nothing and the master goes his way to answer the message of the Signoria.

That night Giovanni Beltraffio leaves the master's house and seeks shelter in a quiet sanctuary outside the city walls of Florence. A childishly worded message is put in the painter's studio. "Messere, forgive me —I am weak and swayed by wild fancies, but I have seen the devil of you in that sketch."

As the dawn breaks, Leonardo puts out the silver lamp and throws himself for a few moments upon his unused bed.

"Giovanni," his tired lips are murmuring, "Your art was in the chanting of offices and the worship of images. Strange that by such a devious way it was given to me to send you out of that alien world into which you had strayed."

And the next day he tears up the splendid, terrible sketch of Fra Girolamo.

It is an ordinary pillar, but it has a vision in store for whosoever chooses to lean against the cool yellow marble. Yet the lights break out on the Lung' Arno Giuccardini. Let us go hence. All visions are but brief and inconsequential things.

A MASTER REDISCOVERED

By FRANCIS P. SULLIVAN

IT HAPPENED lately that an errand took me into a shop that is particularly well supplied with books on theological and philosophical subjects. The whole of one of its walls was covered with these volumes, and while I was waiting to be served, I let my eye roam over the shelves.

One section of them was given over to books in sets, and there, side by side, I noticed nine neat volumes in dark green, and three fat volumes in red; the one ticketed, Cardinal Newman's Works, the other, The Works of Satan.*

The idea suggested by the association of these two labels pleased me greatly. "How delightful," I reflected, "if these were really what one would take them to be at first sight—the authentic writings of the Old Boy himself. Three volumes from Satan's own pen—a unique acquisition for the collectors!"

With that I went my way, but the next day, when I came to open a bundle of books sent me for review, out tumbled the very plump red tomes I had seen in the bookshop and to my amazement and gratification I found that my first impression (absurd as it had seemed) was correct. They were in fact the very Works of Satan.

Now there is nothing, as it seems to me, which has quite so much appeal to the imagination as the discovery of a lost masterpiece of art or literature. A few months ago it was announced that the lost books of Livy had been recovered, and though this was only adding a few more chapters to a work that we already possessed in great part, the papers were filled with the news. The right to publish the details of the discovery of an unpublished play of Shakespeare's would was let by auction to the highest bidder, and the discovery of an unpublished play of Shakespeare's would furnish controversy for a generation. I feel then that the publication for the first time of the complete writings of a personage who has played so great a part in the world as this author, who has had such a unique and incalculable influence on the thought of his times and the lives of his contemporaries, will doubtless evoke much interest and discussion.

The introduction of a work of this magnitude and importance to the reading public is a task which I approach with considerable misgiving. It is the common belief that an adequate review of a book can be written only by one who is wholly familiar with its matter and in sympathy with the author and his aims. So that I feel a double embarrassment: first, lest I should fall short of what may be expected by the many who will feel a direct, almost personal, interest in this author; and secondly, lest by exhibiting too complete a mastery

The Works of His Serene Highness, Satan, Prince of Darkness; compiled from various sources, done into English from the original languages (including the Scandinavian) and now published for the first time in a complete, uniform and unexpurgated edition, with an introductory essay, a life of the author, and copious notes by the editors. 3 volumes, quarto. Asbestos paper.

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of my subject, I should give a wholly wrong idea of my character and upbringing.

However, my literary conscience impels me to forget these personal considerations; and with this brief apology I will proceed to the consideration of the works themselves.

But first let me pay due tribute to the diligence, the perseverance, the resourcefulness, and above all to the scholarship, of the editors. How difficult it must have been to gather this vast mass of material from the thousand sources, many of them almost inaccessible, where it was contained! What labor was involved in its translation; what nicety of criticism was required to select, identify and date it! The result justifies the effort, for by it there is revealed a new literary figure of the first magnitude. Indeed it is not too much to say that this work will bring about an entire revaluation of Satan's place in literature.

What first impresses one about these writings is their variety both in matter and in style. The various tales, fables, discourses, dialogues, treatises, dramas, poems and monographs have been produced at desultory intervals over a very considerable period of time. They partake of the spirit of every epoch and culture and of every literary form. They have been written in part in every language, civilized or savage.

It is next noteworthy that many writings long attributed to this author are not the product of his pen at all, while many other works for which other writers have been given credit are shown to have been of his composition. I found, for instance, that he had never written a single line dealing with the exploits of Indians, cowboys, train robbers or detectives, although it was the common belief in my boyhood that almost all the works on these subjects were his. But to my great amazement, I discovered that almost one-fourth of the bulk of one of his volumes was composed of very long, very dry and (so far as I could determine) wholly orthodox sermons.

Another very large part of the work is given over to rather intemperate tirades against practices which I had been led to believe were looked upon by him with favor. His expressed views on the use of cigarettes and cosmetics by women, on modern dancing and on the degree of liberty to be given the young, struck me, I must confess, as decidedly narrow and illiberal, so that if I had not understood his character pretty well from other sources I should have thought him a well-meaning but bigoted old fogy.

I noted also that there was little or nothing to be found in the book, in the vein of the so-called "drummer's yarn," and what few examples of this type of anecdote were included were so refined upon and delicately sentimentalized that I am sure they would not have been thought out of place in the average magazine.

I remember having heard it said that the younger and less experienced fiends sought to entice men by representing that there is no God; that those of more cunning taught that there was no hell; but that Satan himself, more subtle by far than any of them, got better results by simply suggesting that there was no hurry. I verified this tendency from his writings, finding, at the same time, that he had also, in a number of dire and gloomy tales (most of which, from the notes, seem to have been originally written in the Russian) advanced under various disguises the proposition that there is no hope.

The index to the work is very imperfect. This is the stranger since it is stated that a large body of the clergy, appointed for that very purpose, had labored in compiling it for years, and that it was supposed to be so complete and exhaustive that it has ordinarily been called simply The Index, as if there was no other worth taking into comparison with it. As an example of its defects, I searched it in vain for any mention of the radio, although a paper on this topic—and one of the most entertaining and successful of all—is actually included in the work. Though it was written long before Marconi began his researches it contains a full statement of the principles on which the device is based, and it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that this author is actually entitled to the credit for its invention.

From a brief and rather vague reference in another paper I conclude that he was also the originator of the cross-word puzzle. Moreover there is every reason to believe that many mechanical devices in ordinary use in our homes were first conceived of by him or inspired by suggestions gathered from his writings. This is almost certainly the case with the electric percolator; as for the bridge lamp, I have not yet reached an opinion.

The field which is covered most completely and authoritatively in his writings is that of history. There is no nation upon the globe of which a careful and minute account by him is not to be found.

There is a curious bias about these annals which was probably not apparent in their original form (for each was written and published separately in the language of the country with which it deals) but which forces itself upon the attention now that they have all been brought together under one cover. When the author is writing of any particular people he represents their motives as always lofty and noble, their statesmen as invariably pure and disinterested. At the same time he portrays all the other nations as aggressive, domineering, false, selfish and unscrupulous. Thus each nation is in turn glorified in his account of its own past and vilified as often as it is referred to in connection with his accounts of other countries. This, taken with his other habit of at one time praising every military commander to the skies as a gallant and chivalrous patriot, and then, in the next breath (as soon as he takes up the tale of the other nations with whom that commander's armies were engaged) denouncing him as a bloodthirsty mercenary for whom no treason was too foul, leaves the reader at times in a state of trou-

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bled doubt. The editors point out, however, that in adopting this manner of writing the author has merely followed a long-established convention proper to this class of composition and honored by every noted historian of the past and by most biographers.

To go back to what I have already said about his versatility, it is interesting to notice how his style and literary method have changed at various periods, and how, without losing sight of his main object, he has addressed himself to the spirit and taste of the time in which he is writing. For instance, the mere fact that a particular deadly sin is among his favorites never betrays him into advocating it unduly if it happens to be opposed to the temper of the times or the momentary preferences of his readers.

This easy adaptability is most marked in his more recent writings in which, out of deference to the mode of the present, he has confined himself more and more to advocating the fascinating twin vices of pride and covetousness.

It is through his many writings on these topics that he is best known to the people of today. Under divers fictitious names he fills the magazines of certain types with his advice to young men, in which he celebrates the gospel of the "live wire," the cult of "salesmanship," the glorification of advertising, and the apotheosis of the "fifty-thousand-dollar man."

He busily spreads the worship of Mammon while seeming to stir men to worthy ambition and manly effort. He preaches better, bigger wooden nutmegs. He illustrates with charts and diagrams the selling-talk that put over the campaign to place a gold-plated brick in every safe-deposit box. Sometimes he dips into romance, and relates how Bill Blablah won a bride, a million and the position of general manager of the Rickety Building Corporation by selling his prospective father-in-law a hundred tons of moldy sawdust while the old gentleman was under the impression that he was purchasing a carload of quartered oak flooring.

Most amusing of all he urges upon one industry and profession after another sets of comfortable, solemn rules, admirably framed to limit the number of feet which may be placed in the trough at once and to keep the larger inhabitants of the sty from shouldering the small ones away from the banquet too rudely, and these, which he labels Ethics, are adopted by cheering conventions under the delusion that they are accomplishing something in the field of moral effort.

I have mentioned what our author has accomplished in applied science, and would gladly discuss his contributions to abstract scientific research, but in the compass of such a paper as this it would be impossible to appraise them rightly. He has written profoundly and at length on psychology, and especially psychoanalysis, but has prudently not allowed himself to be drawn into the evolutionary controversy, upon which some of our statesmen have lately assumed to interpret his opinions.

I shall also have to pass over his scenarios for the moving pictures, since their number is out of all proportion to their importance as literature.

It used to be considered that persons of quality could not be held to the same severe standards as those of less exalted station; but here at least is one armiger whose published work requires no such indulgence.

At once a classic and a contemporary, he has been the favorite author of whole nations whose very names have perished, and he will still be read with fresh and vivid interest when, in the midst of another vast solitude, a traveler from a newly restored London takes his stand on a broken arch to sketch the ruins of the former capital of New Zealand.

Still, in spite of this extensive and long-continued popularity it will be a surprise to many to learn of what he has done in this line of effort. The writers most of all will be astonished at finding that he is of their trade; for while it may seem strange that so much merit should go unrecognized, I know positively that the vast majority of authors now absolutely believe him to be an editor.

Puer ad Jesum Infantem

Ave, Mater amabilis!
  Ostendas mihi quem filiolum tenes
Brachio niveo, precor.
  Dic, fraterculus hic (o utinam!) meus?

Vultu quam gravis et sciens,
  Ac tamen oculis quam tener ac bonus!
O beata Dei Parens,
  Formosissimus est qui tibi pusio.

Infanti in stabulo abdito
  Quaenam dona feram, quae tibi munera?
Quis ludo, quibus recreor,
  Pupulum accipies, nonne etiam pilam?

Horto ex frugifero legam
  Florum fasciculos sertaque laurea.
Saltabo tibi concinens,
  Abs te nunquam abeam—me comitem eligas.

Quid velis faciam tibi?
  Te cingam violis, ornem rosis caput?
Fletus fundere? Rideam?
  Tibiae an citharae malueris sonum?

Quaeque vis cupio omnia—
  Porrigas modo mi quas operis manus.
Vos valete, alii pueri!
  Vobiscum amplius hoc ludere non queo.

Des, Infans, tibi quod paris,
  Regno in caelicolarum esse locum mihi.
Qui vivis morerisque qui,
  Sic et me doceas vivere et emori.

Nunc, Maria piissima,
  Nuncnunc praebe mihi filiolum tuum,
Talem uti foveam pie
  Qui fraterculus mi, qui comes angelis.

Translated into Latin from the German of Luise Hensel, by J. Conrad Plumpe.

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MALTA'S STATE CHURCH

By HERBERT F. WRIGHT

WHEN one speaks of the "established religion" of the British empire, the reference is apt to be understood to be to the Church as by law Established after the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. It is not so in the case of Malta, however, and thereby hangs a tale.

This small group of islands, covering an area of little more than one hundred and twenty square miles, has an importance in British imperial affairs altogether incommensurate with its size. With an extensive arsenal and dockyard, it serves as the headquarters of the British Mediterranean fleet; and the modern capital of Valetta, with one of the finest harbors in the world, being about half-way between Gibraltar and Port Said, is an important port of call for vessels passing to and from the East and the Suez Canal. With a population of nearly a quarter of a million, supposedly of Phoenician origin, Malta has in turn been under the control of the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs, the Normans of Sicily, the Swabians, the French, the Spaniards, the Knights of Saint John and again the French.

The Maltese were assisted by the British in freeing themselves from Napoleon's domination, and subsequently offered to place the island under the protection of the British crown. The offer, which was accepted, was made with the understanding that their religion and institutions, which they had preserved intact through centuries of foreign rule, were to be respected. The Church in Malta goes back to the days of Saint Paul and hence it is probable that the See of Malta is the only extant Apostolic see, with the single exception of Rome. The Maltese are over 99 percent Catholic, and canon law is the law of the land. It is very evident, therefore, that their religion has been from very distant times an extremely vital part of their existence.

Shortly after the world war, the universal fever of "self-determination" struck Malta, which for a number of years had been governed practically as a crown colony. A National Assembly, convoked on August 8, 1919, framed a new draft constitution which, upon the earnest recommendation of the Governor, Lord Plumer, was in general favorably received by his majesty's government. Article I provided that "the religion of Malta and its dependencies is the Roman Catholic Apostolic Faith." The government, after six months' study, countered with a draft of the letters patent necessary to establish the new constitution. Article I of the Assembly draft did not appear in the government draft, but instead clause 56 provided that:

> 1. All persons inhabiting the colony shall have full liberty of conscience and the free exercise of their respective modes of religious worship.
>
> 2. No person shall be subjected to any disability or excluded from holding any office by reason of his religious profession.

Although Lord Plumer approved of this substitution, "a general and genuine appeal for an official acknowledgment" led him to believe that, in accordance with the Chief Justice's suggestion, "it would be advantageous if the words 'The Roman Catholic religion is the religion of Malta,' could precede" the above subsections of clause 56. He reported that the Archbishop was quite aware that no slight was intended by the omission of any reference in the draft letters patent to the Roman Catholic religion, but that this was "not the case with the great mass of the people." He suggested therefore that an explanatory memorandum be forwarded.

The Archbishop's position was not altogether untenable. He believed the omission was

> unfair to the Maltese people and prejudicial to the British empire. Unfair to the Maltese people, as it was on the understanding that nothing prejudicial should be done to their religion that they gave themselves up to the British [a century before]

and that it was a great prejudice to their religion that the provisions of the new constitution were

> such as to lower the prestige of the Catholic religion [without] a word to signify the preëminence it has always had. Prejudicial to the British empire for, small as Malta is, it forms part of the empire, and the passing of the draft as it stands . . . will cause mistrust of the British government in so many who up to now have been unquestionably loyal.

The Archbishop's statement went on to say that it was hard for him

> to understand why England should have its state religion and Scotland should have its state religion, while Malta, whose religion is truly the religion of its entire population, should be denied the same privilege.

The Archbishop's views on this question were supported by "bodies whose immediate scope has nothing to do with religion, such as the Chamber of Advocates, the Chamber of Commerce and the Workers' Union."

The Chamber of Advocates made a lengthy report on the draft constitution. Concerning clause 56 they contended that it was

> a formula which places our religion on the same footing as any other, [that it] does not correspond with the de facto position which the Roman Catholic religion enjoys in Malta and which it has enjoyed since the early days of Christianity, [that] persons of convictions and creeds different to that professed by the whole population of these Islands have never been interfered with or molested within the memory of man, [and that] the principle of religious tolerance . . . has already been formally proclaimed in these Islands

in 1906. They accordingly proposed that clause 56 be modified to read as follows:

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1. The religion of Malta and its dependencies is the Roman Catholic religion;

2. No person professing a religion other than the Roman Catholic religion shall be in any way interfered with as to his religious convictions or in any way hindered from the exercise of his mode of worship;

3. No person shall be subjected to any disability or excluded from holding any office by reason of his religious profession, provided that persons not professing the Roman Catholic religion may be debarred from holding any office connected with public instruction or education.

The National Assembly itself recommended similar modifications and the principle underlying the proposal was heartily endorsed by the Malta, the Malta Herald, the Daily Malta Chronicle, the Voce del Popolo, the Malta Taghna and the vernacular press in general.

The discussions consumed nearly a year, so that it was not until April 9, 1921, that the letters patent as finally approved were dispatched. These, however, did not contain the desired change in clause 56. The Secretary of State for Colonies, after careful and sympathetic consideration of the various requests, concluded that the requests were "based on a misunderstanding of the nature of the legal documents in which the Constitution is embodied." He said in explanation:

> It is for the people of Malta, if they so desire, to reaffirm by solemn declaration in their own legislature their adherence to the faith to which Malta has shown such devotion and for which she has made such sacrifices in her long and heroic history, or to associate with the inauguration of that legislature and with its subsequent deliberations the services and the benediction of the Church of their forefathers.

It might be said in passing that there are many other matters of interest in the Maltese constitution worthy of notice, for instance, the provisions regarding the use of the Maltese language under certain circumstances as well as Italian and English. Moreover, the constitution establishes a form of government for which there has hitherto been no parallel in the history of the empire. It differs from dominion government in certain imperial reservations to the legislative power and yet it is such an advance toward local autonomy that it cannot be classed under any of the existing types of representative colonial governments. Although only a few years old, the constitution was a model for the Southern Rhodesia constitutional letters patent of 1923.

The Maltese constitution went into effect on May 16, 1921, and the first act passed by the first Maltese legislature declared that "the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion is, as it has ever been in the past, the religion of Malta and its dependencies." While the people of Malta are not entirely satisfied with this arrangement and are still desirous of incorporating some such provision in the constitution itself, there is some reason to believe that here again the British have displayed their ingenious knack of solving political questions as they manifest themselves.

GIVE US BREAD

By MARY MOLLOY

THE popular Open Letter to Freshmen, To the Students of 1927, To the Seniors of 1928, which appeared in America recently, may be a very good intention; they may also be a subtle publicity device for advertising a college. The provocative Open Letter to the Dean may be a less subtle way of pointing out lapses in that spacious kindness and gracious care which must envelop the student body as a whole, on the one hand, and reach down to single out each individual student, on the other hand, if anything really worth while is to be given to few or all of the young people who come joyously, trustingly, and a bit wistfully—for all their bravado—to throng our campuses today. The Open Letter to the Dean may also be an expression of a determined effort on the part of those who would be taught in college, to try to get what they come for.

The college-going young person, whether man or woman, is not regarded nowadays, very generally, as a potential scholar. Presidents, deans and faculties tell us by the very querulous tones in their voices that they are bored to desperation with the campus youth; and campus youth with no less frankness admits its boredom with the faculties. The general impression one gets is that campus youth does not know why it comes to college and reacts accordingly. Undoubtedly it is losing lamentably as a result.

But do they really know why they come? I believe great numbers do. It remains to help them find what they are seeking.

The returns from a recent canvass of students on one campus may be an illuminating citation at this point. The campus group studied is far more diversified in point of geographical distribution than most student groups. Students are registered from seventeen states and from six foreign countries. More than 65 percent of the students are drawn from localities outside the state in which the college is located. The institution is a Catholic college. The students were asked the question: "Why are you in a Catholic college?" Deliberate written answers were requested. Signatures were optional. The following analysis of the returns assuredly merits profound reflection:

		PERCENT
1.	For religion only*	35
2.	To prepare to teach secular branches after graduation; to insure financial independence	30
3.	To study secular and religious subjects; to study the Faith while pursuing secular branches.	35
4.	Because of parents' wish to furnish an opportunity to study the Faith	15
5.	Influence of graduates of the college; cultural influence of the college; because the college places all its graduates; standards of the college; rating of the college; because other members of the family attended the college; because other members of the family were graduated from the college.	5
6.	One student claims to have come by chance; another can assign no reason for coming.	

*10 percent of this number state that they came in direct opposition to the wishes of their fathers who are alumni of state universities.

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A second glance at these figures will but emphasize an inescapable conclusion. Adding the percentages for the first reason (for religion only) the third (to study the Faith while pursuing secular branches) and the fourth (because of parents' wish that the Faith be studied) we have a total of 65 percent of the students who come expressly in search of religious culture and spiritual inspiration—a steadying objective, surely.

We observe that 30 percent come to do hard, grinding work in such a way that it can be capitalized for financial independence. Another steadying objective. Thus 95 percent are looking for leadership, spiritual and intellectual, and willing and eager to follow it.

Is this case an exception or is it a bit of evidence on a condition far more general than we are willing to admit? The writer is convinced that college youth will work and work hard with delight at pursuits that are not fundamentally recreational. The writer is also convinced that the flame of religious enthusiasm among youth burns brighter today than it ever did before.

Do our Catholic colleges meet this condition fairly, or do they in one way or another give to spirit-hungry youth a stone for bread? Are our course requirements made sufficiently difficult to stimulate a zest in the pursuit of learning, or is an intelligent use of the dictionary and the general encyclopedia the most we can confidently claim to evoke?

Is prayer a fine art with us or a drudgery condoned? Are the mysteries of our holy religion dramatized for our Catholic youth with all the fervor and warmth of color and tone and group action our glorious liturgy admits, or are our services something to be endured for the Faith?

All of these are searching questions of the present for our presidents, deans and faculties. The social and economic prestige of our Catholic laity, and their faith and practice for coming generations, depend upon the answers.

Notre Dame des Champs

Our Lady Mary looks upon
The street of Notre Dame des Champs.
Among the chimney-pots she stands
With cloud-crowned head and outstretched hands,
While pigeons daily growing bolder
Find a refuge on her shoulder.

Where once she looked upon the fields
Another harvest Paris yields.
Among the roofs the artists paint
Paysage and head of saint:
Up there the sky is very blue
And dreams are things that must come true.

And in the winding street below
The people of the Quarter go;
Sometimes a blind musician plays
And gypsies beg on holidays;
A white-winged sister hurries by,
The goatherd pipes and hawkers cry.

At night among the stars she stands,
We rest beneath her holy hands;
Her gaze is bent maternally,
Who is of earth most heavenly,
Our Lady who looks down upon
The street of Notre Dame des Champs.

ALICE MCLARNEY.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE MANUFACTURERS' PROGRAM

South Manchester, Conn.

TO the Editor:—My attention has been called to an editorial in your issue of December 14 on the program of the committee on Junior Education and Employment of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Your editorial in so many ways points out the reasonableness of the program that it is difficult to see the force of your objection that it must be wrong because it proceeds from a selfish or a political point of view.

The program has attempted to emphasize the great social and economic waste in our present system. It has pointed out that from 30 percent to 40 percent of our children who enter the grammar schools are retarded more than two years before they have arrived at the fourteenth year of age and enter industry from an average of the sixth grade. We have pointed out, what you have especially emphasized, that a very considerable percent of our high school graduates—perhaps as high as 33 1/3 percent,—have not achieved the elementary standards of any educational system. They cannot correctly write or speak the English language; they cannot read a daily newspaper in a foreign language; they cannot apply to any simple problem in hand the laws of one or more of the sciences which they have studied for from three to four years; they have not a grasp of the principles of simple arithmetic. This would seem to indicate beyond a question of doubt a failure in the enforcement of even elementary educational standards.

We have emphatically pointed out the danger of our educational system's being "befogged with cheap politics." We have endeavored to insist that those responsible for the administration of our educational system must be freed from political control and must be selected on the basis of their exact knowledge and ability. We are now taking measures to assist in the prosecution of some of the demagogues who are helping to destroy the effectiveness of our educational systems in some of the larger cities.

We have made no pretense of being educators, though in the framing of this program we have had the advice and assistance of such expert educators as the professors of the Schools of Education of Chicago, Columbia and Yale.

Finally, we have not based our appeal upon a desire to control the labor of children from fourteen to sixteen years of age. We have based it upon a perfectly legitimate interest in the development of more effective labor which is coming to us whenever the school releases it, and at present it is in a state of increasing disorderliness of mind and habits of non-accomplishment.

There can be no question, of course, as to the selfish interests of the manufacturers, nor of their legitimate interests in the more effective development of their labor supplies. We should, however, like to have you point out the weaknesses in the following statement of the committee on Junior Education and Employment of the National Association of Manufacturers:

"The United States as a whole has come to accept the age of fourteen as the minimum under which children should be employed in gainful occupations. This age has also been accepted by the great majority of employers. The majority of intelligent employers have also accepted the point of view that the state should in some measure continue its supervision of children during their years of most difficult adjustment, be-

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tween fourteen and sixteen, when the children are passing from the artificially protected school years to the sterner and more unyielding tasks of life. But such a state supervision, if it is to avail itself of all of the natural resources of education which exist in the average and normal environment, must rather follow children into their work than separate them from it.

"We should appeal to both sides with all the sincerity and conviction which we possess that between the two alternatives of absolute exclusion and unrestricted employment there is a middle ground which has been too little explored and developed.

"There are few today who would deny that the state has the right to supervise the lives of children fourteen and fifteen years of age, and the state in many ways has exercised the right to indicate to industry what are the minimum standards of working conditions consistent with their health and development which entitled industry to operate. Why, therefore, may not the state also follow the child into industry and see that its early years of adjustment are attended by a proper amount of training and education under healthful conditions and under a training program which allows for a reasonable degree of progressive development? It is a far healthier condition for both parties to the labor contract that children of from fourteen to sixteen years of age should be assured (1) of reasonable hours and conditions of employment, (2) of a proper course of training at the employers' expense, (3) of some opportunity at state expense for a continued study in the drawing, mathematics and science related to their work. To repeat, it is more reasonable from both points of view to undertake such a plan than to compel all children, regardless of their abilities and opportunities, to kick their heels in school for two years after they have failed to make progress.

"We most heartily agree that the schools and courses of study should be continuously improved. This continuance is not conditional upon new legislation, except appropriations, and should not result in the failure of large groups of children. It is conditional upon exact research and experimentation, upon material resources in increased amounts, and most of all upon ideals and trained men and women to execute them. We will pledge ourselves to assist in developing these as far and as fast as possible. Yet we believe there will always be a very large proportion of children of fourteen and fifteen years of age who must find their way into life through the practical road of approach connected with actual manual tasks. To condemn this very large group of children to wait until our educators know how to provide for them in school and for the funds and teachers capable of taking care of them is both wasteful and for this particular group of children cruel. Our American habit is to legislate first and to study afterward. We would advise reversing this process where the most important interest of the nation, its children, is at stake."

The School Review of December, which is presumably written by educators for educators, has commented on this as follows:

"The most hopeful element of the committee's suggestion is that it recognizes the state as the proper supervisor of the employment and education of children. Much of the disagreement on the use of industries as educational agencies has arisen out of the fact that the industries are usually unwilling to accept adequate public supervision and the friends of children therefore have no confidence that private industrial concerns will act with due regard to children's interests. The committee proposes an arrangement not unlike that which was enacted into law in England in 1918 through the adoption of the Fisher Bill. This bill provided for the employment of children between fourteen and eighteen years of age under the supervision of educational authorities and also made adequate provision for continuation education. The dangers of exploitation are entirely removed under such conditions. The committee has suggested a broad, statesmanlike policy, and its proposal should be seriously considered."

HOWELL CHENEY.

FRANKLIN'S CATHOLIC DESCENDANTS

Belleville, Ill.

TO the Editor:—One of the most engaging of late books deals with the career of Benjamin Franklin, a man of whom we never can learn too much. Most Revolutionary statesmen were as anti-Catholic as any Kluxer. Not so Franklin. For this reason it is gratifying to know that he has had many Catholic descendants. Two of his great-grandsons became Catholics, Rear-Admiral Andrew Allan Harwood (1802-84) and Commodore Benjamin Franklin Bache (1801-81) as did his great-great-grandson, Rear-Admiral William Hemsley Emory (1846-1917). Another great-great-grandson, Richard Meade Bache (1830-1897) was reared a Catholic by his mother, a sister of General George G. Meade. Mrs. Margaret Mason Perry La Farge (1839-1925) his great-great-granddaughter, became a Catholic on her marriage to Mr. John La Farge (1835-1910).

Of living Catholic descendants of Franklin I recall: Major-General André Walker Brewster, U.S.A., M.H., D.S.M.; Mr. Franklin Bache of Philadelphia, and his family; Lieutenant-Commander Campbell Dallas Edgar, U.S.N.; and Mr. Webster Appleton Edgar, Cazenovia, New York; the Reverend John La Farge, S.J., his brothers and sisters and their children; Mr. William Hemsley Emory and his sisters, one of whom is the wife of the British Minister to Mexico; Mr. Francis Howard, the London painter, son by a previous marriage of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor; Mr. Hugh Lenox Scott, Washington, D. C., and the children of Major-General John Eugene McMahon (1861-1920) and of the late Mr. Dennis McCarthy of Albany, New York, whose sister married another descendant of Franklin, a brother of Admiral Emory.

To the above we may add that General Brewster is the grandson of Robert John Walker, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Franklin Bache is the great-great-grand-nephew of Archbishop John Carroll; the Edgars are the great-grandsons of Daniel Webster; the La Farges, the great-grandsons and great-granddaughters of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry; Mr. Emory and his sisters are the children of Admiral Emory, grandchildren of General William H. Emory, and the grand-nephews and grand-nieces of Nathaniel P. Willis, while Mr. Scott is the grandson of General Hugh Lenox Scott, Chief-of-Staff, U. S. Army. Mr. Cabot Ward of New York is a collateral descendant of Franklin, as was the late Right Reverend Monsignor Hiram F. Fairbanks of Milwaukee.

Finally, despite the statement by the author of this latest of Franklin books that there are no living descendants of William Temple Franklin, I recall hearing some years ago of a Mr. Benjamin Franklin of Paris who was said to be the great-grandson of Franklin's grandson and secretary. At all events we know that William Temple Franklin married a French Catholic lady, beside whom he lies in Père Lachaise cemetery under a tombstone inscribed "Requiescat in pace."

JOHN ALDIS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Behold, the Bridegroom—

NEW plays by George Kelly are approximately annual events. The last three years have given us The Show-Off, Craig's Wife and Daisy Mayme. Now comes Behold, the Bridegroom—, a play which only convinces us more strongly that, as Mr. Kelly departs farther from his original character material, he writes plays of constantly diminishing interest.

These reviews have often spoken of the photographic quality of Mr. Kelly's plays. In contrast, for example, with Eugene O'Neill, Kelly is far from a creative writer. He reports amusingly and accurately what he sees, and he can weave disconnected impressions into a workable plot. As he sees more than most people, his characters often seem to reveal us to ourselves in fresh and high lightings. But once without his camera or his notebook, Kelly is lost. He does not seem to possess the intuition or the imagination to create believable characters out of thin air. This is probably why, in Behold, the Bridegroom—, he has put words and phrases into the mouths of his people which human beings would simply never use. For example, when a distressed father said that his daughter was critically ill because of her infatuation for a young man who had hardly noticed her, that same young man's comment sounded, to my anxious ears, about as follows: "I am afraid that you invest me with an importance that I did not suppose I possessed." Perhaps this successful business executive of thirty-five might talk that way; but I doubt it. And on the stage, the illusion of being true to life is vastly important.

Throughout the play the dialogue is so stilted and forced, and the situations are so unusual, that with only a slight twist in that direction we might take the whole concoction as a satire. The people in Mr. Kelly's other plays have lived and breathed. Here they are dummies. The explanation probably lies in this—that having selected a theme far removed from ordinary human happenings, Mr. Kelly has been unable to summon from his mental files the outward expression of emotions to fit the case. And he is not creative enough to supply dialogue that would carry the conviction of reality.

The play sets out to tell the story of a spoiled girl with a rather vivid past who, upon meeting the first man who stirs her deeper and finer emotions, discovers the real unworthiness of her life. When she finds that this man is not even interested in her, her unrequited love results in her death.

Even the stage doctors who discuss her curious malady admit the extreme rarity of such a condition in modern times with our nerve-straining "compensations." Admittedly, then, the theme is far from universal. And themes that are not universal are very apt to be boring on the stage. Certainly this play, after the first act, turns narcotic, in spite of the valiant efforts of Judith Anderson as the girl. The impossible lines throw her back upon many stage tricks to simulate emotion, including a few bad moments of ranting. Mr. Kelly would do much better to stick to material and situations he has had a chance to observe. (At the Cort Theatre.)

Paradise

IN HIS new play William Hurlbut gives us another picture of life from the same social strata that he has already explored in his last season's production, Bride of the Lamb. Again the scene of the play is a small town in the Middle-West, and the characters are typical of such a scene. Indeed it may be said that in several respects modern dramatic realism, in America at least, has not marked a more notable success in its own medium than in this particular play. It is honest and sincere throughout, except for the fact that in several places one has an uneasy feeling that certain things are done, both in action and in dialogue, which are compromises with the author's underlying intention, compromises intended to produce immediate effects, particularly humorous ones, at the expense of the general theme.

This impression culminates at the end. An intense scene, acted superbly by Lillian Foster, combined with the whole drift of the play, prepares one for an ending as grim as the ending of Ibsen's Ghosts. Then, by a violent wrench, the conventional happy conclusion is produced. Yet Miss Foster, Elizabeth Patterson and Warren William, who play this scene, do it so well, turn so expertly from the grim business in which they had been engaged up to this point to the new modulation, that the violent transition passes without too much of a shock into the realm of the credible. It is only later reflection that emphasizes the uneasy feeling that this ending is really an artistic mistake.

The play deals with a theme that in itself is shopworn—the story of a woman slipping into her thirties while her younger sisters marry and make her life miserable by continually exasperating a sensitive and much superior temperament with their vulgar and unfeeling criticism. Unable to use the direct method of attack which younger women are employing successfully in solving their matrimonial desires, and keeping alive in her heart an ideal of marriage and self-respect which seems never to have visited the hearts of her sisters or her friends, Winnie Elder's increasing sensitiveness, combined with her very real desire for marriage and a home, drive her at last into a thoroughly neurotic condition.

It speaks very highly indeed for the skill of both Mr. Hurlbut and Miss Foster that in spite of this disagreeable elements of the hysterical, respect and liking for Winnie Elder are transmitted to the audience. She sets her heart upon winning the young doctor who really loves her, only to see him snatched away from her by a bolder and more experienced hand. A final misadventure drives her almost to suicide, and then, as a compromise, to a flight away from home to New York. In a last effort to save her self respect she gives her family to understand that she is married. A threatened visit from one of her sisters forces her to an even more desperate expedient, that of pretending that her husband has suddenly died. This device also fails in such a way as to bring out the terrible scene of the play, which, as is stated above, is defrauded of its logical culmination by the hasty transformation into a conventional happy ending—an ending denied, in reality, by the promise of the play and by all the various stages of its gradual dramatic unfolding.

A thoroughly interesting play, Paradise suffers from ineffective directing. The separate parts are well handled, almost without exception, but they are not focussed and fused successfully. (At the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre.)

T. C.

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POEMS

Mirage

Around the lane's
Familiar turn,
I saw the house,
With the churn
Sunning on
The old porch floor,
And someone peering
From the door.
I heard a voice,
Beloved, uncanny—
And I was young,
And it was Granny:
"Come in, dear child,
And won't you take
A glass of milk,
A ginger cake?"
I saw a knitted
Crimson shawl,
I saw a cupboard
On a wall—
And then
Was nothing there at all.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

Sonnet for a Small Boy

I push the blond soft feathers of your hair
Back from your drowsy forehead, damp with sleep,
As leaning close to it I hardly dare
Brush with light lips your round warm nose—so deep
It breathes the blessing of the starry air—
Your small cool mouth and close-curved eyelids keep
Secure from me the dreams I may not share—
The little scurrying, downy dreams that creep

So gently, lest they trouble you—till dawn
Slips whitely through white curtains, and you, waking,
Sigh, and uncurl, to find the dark withdrawn,
And day, a great blue wave, bright-foaming, breaking
On the dim world and you in silver thunder,
Drowning the scattered shards of night's lost wonder.

JOAN RAMSAY.

The Old Priest

(After stopping in a little church)

The God of all within the ring of time
  Sees no beginning and no end of deeds;
The ripened stalks of sun-lit harvest land
  Feel not the strength of their potential seeds;
No moon which wanes within a yearning sky
  But gives a glory to some other place,
Oh priest, who bade the people come to God,
  You may not know how many seek His face!
For having planted seed you reap—for spring,
  For having toiled, you cease but to begin,
As by your prayers are others hushed to prayer:
  So turns the ring of time God dwells within.

EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH.

Song

All with broken hearts to mend,
  Come where Madge sits by the wall—
Trusty, crusty, ancient dame,
  Apple-woman at her stall.

She will fit the pieces tight,
  Bind them close with magic glue,
Pinch and shape and pat and then
  Hand it back as good as new.

Just as good as new! And if—
  Rainy nights, sometimes—it aches,
Do not bring it back. Madge knows
  A heart once mended never breaks.

Hard for hate, and strong for work,
  Tough enough to fight down fears,
Not so quick at love and hope,
  Good to thump for years and years.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN.

Winter

The sun went down in banks of grey; all night
  The wind howled through the trees, rattling the panes
In ancient windows; children woke in fright:
  The unstabled beasts herded in narrow lanes,
Their hairy sides pressed close, and when the day
  Broke to a blue and crimson loveliness
Snow-covered, hummocky low hills they lay
  Beneath an oak robed like a prioress.

The farmhouse wakes; men hurry to the sheds,
  Cutting a glistening canyon as they go;
The rosy children, eager, bring their sleds:
  A weary woman smiles because the snow
May bring an hour of calm; with furtive looks
  She turns to a small shelf and its few books.

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK.

Candle-Light

Day has its sun,
And the night stars,
But God has candle-light.

Upon the world's great candlestick He sets
The little taper of yourself ashine,
That when the sun has sputtered out
And all the stars are dead,
Your immortality may flame and burn
Across His infinite immensity forever.

Wherefore He will sometime blow out the sun,
And snuff the stars,
Preferring candle-light.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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BOOKS

The Federal Charter

The Living Constitution, by Howard Lee McBain. New York: The Workers' Education Bureau Press. $1.50.

THIS little volume forms one of a series known as The Workers' Bookshelf, the object of which is to offer a "restatement of some of the fundamental problems of modern industrial society in simple language." The growing complexity of modern industrial society, so reads the publishers' announcement, makes it difficult for the worker to understand the world he has done so much to create, so that it becomes the task of workers' education to interpret for the worker the society in which he lives and works, and thus promote a better understanding of it on his part and a better adjustment to it. The volumes are designed to satisfy the cultural aspirations of men and women workers in industry rather than to increase technical knowledge.

Professor McBain has fulfilled his task admirably. As a sub-title to his volume he ventures to describe it as "A consideration of the realities and legends of our fundamental law," and in a series of seven chapters he covers all of the more important provisions of the Constitution, including a study of written constitutions in general, a survey of the federal system, an analysis of bills of rights, and an examination of the presidential system, checks and balances, the representative system and judicial control. The volume is far from being a text covering a multitude of details, but is rather the attempt of a broad-minded political philosopher to get behind the letter of the Constitution and show what its leading clauses mean in the actual relations of daily life. The result is a volume that is full of shrewd observations if the average reader happens to have background enough to catch their full meaning. Here the reviewer would suggest that Professor McBain might with advantage have used fewer technical terms and in some instances simpler language. But be that as it may, many a lawyer will be found reading with delight a volume intended for industrial workers.

In the chapter entitled Written Constitutions, the oft-repeated phrase that ours is a "government of laws and not of men" is shown to be only a half-truth, which few will contest who have had even a brief experience with legislatures and courts. Further on the observation is made that it is idle to discuss the relative merits of written and unwritten constitutions "as if people could ordinarily make a choice between the one and the other." In the discussion of the federal system the author ventures the startling statement that "what the national government elects to do it may legally do"—an inference drawn from the power of the government to fix by interpretation the measure of its own constitutional competence. But lest this might seem to increase the prevailing fear of undue centralization in government the author points out that the "Supreme Court does not covet self-stultification," and it is not to be thought of that the people of the states from which the members of Congress come would stand by idly and witness the highhanded assumption by Congress of the powers properly belonging to the states. "Federalism in the United States is not a fiction; it is a vital reality." This is followed by an admirable survey of the respective fields of national and state authority. It would almost have been worth publishing the entire volume for the sake of the single observation that "if federalism is to be a reality, the states must have real powers; and this means that they must have control over numerous matters that are from many points of view of nation-wide interest and importance." In the chapter Bills of Rights, the interesting question is raised of whether the national prohibition act put an end to the Fourth and Fifth Amendments. Or is it merely resentment at prohibition itself that makes the decisions of the courts seem unreasonable? And under what fiction of the law is the practice of "padlocking" carried on? As for the "due process of law" clause the author suggests that "if the barons of Runnymede or the Whigs of 1689 could awake from their eternal sleep they would see in their progeny many more acquired than inherited characteristics."

So stimulating is this little volume that one cannot but express the hope that the author may be led to enlarge upon his subject and, without producing a technical volume suitable only to the law schools, give us a popular study of the Constitution in considerably greater detail. If such a treatise were written simply and with the touch of one who is responsive to the social implications as well as the strictly legal aspects of his subject, it would undoubtedly serve the very useful purpose of making our loyalty to the Constitution a rational act as well as a patriotic emotion.

C. G. Fenwick.

The Rogue's Progress

The Procession to Tyburn: Crime and Punishment in the Eighteenth Century, by William McAdoo. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

IT IS always pleasant to see a doctor or lawyer studying the literature and history of his profession. It is always instructive when they turn from text-books and leading cases to give the results of their studies to the world. The pranks and cavortings of the professional writer being no part of their scheme, the result is in most cases a lucid and readable narrative, backed by the knowledge of human nature which continued contact with it in the consulting room or the court room confers.

Judge William McAdoo is chief magistrate of the most complex and cosmopolitan city in the world. There can be very little of the seamy side of life that has not, at one time or another, come under his purview. Administering a law that is, relatively speaking, humane and enlightened, but confronted with just the same problems that our forefathers dealt with in heavy-handed fashion, it is natural that he should feel an interest in the mass of human vice and misery that was grappled with by brother judges who passed to their own judgment (we trust a merciful one) years and years ago. The Procession to Tyburn sets a grisly cortège of the red-handed and the light-fingered moving before our eyes.

In a preface which we could wish longer, Judge McAdoo has a few observations to make upon latter-day malfeasance. They are not very comforting to those who profess to see a continuous progress toward perfection in the human scene. The unsocial being who accepts hazards and ignominy as a fair price for his release from the curse of Adam, remains a constant. The breed of shyster lawyers, receivers of stolen goods and grafting law-officers existed in the eighteenth century and it exists today. Double-crossing was a valuable aid in detection, and then, as now, officials charged with hunting down criminals had to maintain a certain liaison with the underworld that accounts for some strange complaisances. As in warfare, the attack and the defense have progressed together, leaving the comparative chances on both sides pretty much where they were. If the law has the telephone and the Bertillon system,

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crime has the automatic pistol and the (often stolen) automobile.

It is the fashion of the criminal law that has changed rather than the volume of crime. The prisons of the eighteenth century in England were sheer forcing-houses for malefactors. Imagine "a sort of great pound or enclosed camp in which debtors, murderers, unfortunates, men and women, burglars and pickpockets, swindlers, forgers and ordinary offenders, innocent or guilty, for minor or greater offenses, were all thrown together under custodial care, which allowed them to board themselves, drink freely of every known alcoholic beverage and where their comfort depended upon the amount of money that they could give to the jailer."

Naturally the men and women who graduated from these seminaries, either to liberty, "the plantations" (as America was then termed) or the scaffold at Tyburn, were what would be called in colloquial terminology "tough eggs." There seem to have been two etiquettes for the final journey down and up Holborn Hill and along New Oxford Street. But whether a "decent and manly demeanor" was adopted, or whether the culprit sucked oranges, swore, abused his ghostly comforter and threw pennies to be scrambled for by the crowd, in each case an entire absence of any outward token of apprehension was demanded by the populace. Vanity and human respect are passions so strong and universal that the crowd was seldom disappointed.

The reports which Judge McAdoo has edited for us throw a strong light on old practices that seem to us now not only horrible but grotesque. When Catherine Hayes had her mate killed, cut up and thrown into Thames mud, the head was carefully washed and combed and set upon a pole in a public place at Westminster. "Orders were likewise given that the parish officers should attend . . . to take into custody any suspicious person who might discover signs of guilt on the sight of it." When the slayers of one Ball, after the fatal shot, desired to avert suspicion, they fired another shot into the air "thereby intimating that they come out of the country." The records of Tombstone, Arizona, could hardly better this hint as to the state of law and order in London streets 150 years ago.

May 5, 1760, was a red-letter day for amateurs of the horrible. On that day, Laurence, Earl Ferrers, a scion of one of the oldest Anglo-Norman families in England, and allied to the bulk of the British peerage, went to the scaffold for the brutal murder of his steward, in all the state befitting his rank. No item in the program was spared to make the procession one appropriate to the unusual circumstances. His lordship was dressed in "a white suit richly embroidered with silver." His own landau replaced the commoner's cart, the scaffold was expensively draped in "black baize" and the sheriff, apologizing in the handsomest manner for the inconvenience to which his noble charge was about to be subjected, promised "to render his situation as little irksome as possible." The tradition that a white silk rope was used on the occasion is still current in London folklore, though Judge McAdoo does not mention it. It is an interesting sidelight on the underlying brutality and callousness of the eighteenth century to find that a violent quarrel between the executioner and his assistant over a tip of five guineas handed by the culprit to the wrong party delayed the execution several minutes. Judge McAdoo goes out of his way now and then to pay a compliment to British criminal law. With the disgraceful Ronald True case in mind, we venture to doubt whether, at the present time, Earl Ferrers would have been hanged at all.

In his general observations on crime and criminals the Judge is not very optimistic. "Our gunmen and pickpockets," he concludes, "are in my judgment equally unreformable." It is a little puzzling, therefore, to find him an advocate for indeterminate sentences in a vast probationary school "remote from any city, with plenty of land so that there could be farms, workshops, schools, churches, yes, and playgrounds" and with skilled "physicians, experts, psychologists and psychiatrists and trained observers" at call, for comparatively light offenders. More especially as he is "quite convinced that the smallest number would ever be discharged." To be just, it must be admitted that the confusion is not Judge McAdoo's. Rather is it the result of two conflicting tendencies which are giving the conscientious penologist many a wakeful night. In any case the chief magistrate of New York City has edited a very interesting book for the public and his own blunt comments, made pari passu, add considerably to our relish as we read.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

A Symposium for Peace

Building International Goodwill, by various writers. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

COMPILED by the officers and executive committee of the "World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches," the present volume is a symposium of constructive thought in the interest of universal peace. It is propaganda, but propaganda advocating no selfish material ends under an idealistic smoke-screen. Its one aim is to popularize concepts which may add to the sum total of the sentiment seeking to abolish war and force in adjusting international disputes.

The sixteen contributors to this volume are not at one with regard to the ideal method of attaining this end. But they are agreed in their advocacy of a "warless world." Thus, in Part I (What Concern Has America with World Peace) Jane Addams and Emily Green Balch discuss The Hopes We Inherit, hopes to whose realization the world is "historically entitled." And J. Henry Scattergood considers Inter-Allied Debts and America's Opportunity to trade off the war debts owed for a world-wide peace settlement.

In Part II (The Menace of War) W. Russell Bowie lays stress on the part played by sensation-mongering newspapers in belligerently influencing public opinion; while Part III is devoted to studies on Building Bulwarks against War.

We have Arbitration, by P. Myers; Disarmament, by W. I. Hull; The League of Nations, by H. A. Atkinson; The World Court, by C. W. Wickersham; The Outlawry of War, by Raymond Robins; and three articles on the achievement of World Unity by specific means: Through Organized Services, by Mrs. E. Parsons; Through Organized Education, by L. H. Hough; and Through Organized Religion, by W. P. Merrill.

This section, with the concluding Part IV (Stopping the Next War) is directly constructive: Professor J. T. Shotwell of the Carnegie Peace Endowment discusses The United States: Contributor or Impediment to World Peace; M. Ashby Jones deals with The Great Adventure—the turning of the splendid tide for the peace ideal into "a practical dynamo of constructive organization." Frederick Lynch's concluding resumé—What Has Been Accomplished—is followed by a carefully compiled list of international peace organizations.

Of the two appeals by outstanding clerics, the Reverend

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S. Parkes Cadman and Archbishop Keane, both dealing with The Essential Religious Basis, the latter, which heads Part IV, is naturally of the greatest interest to us.

Archbishop Keane's study, after a scholarly retrospect and a broad acknowledgment of "the consciousness of universal brotherhood . . . created within us by the recognition of the God of the Christians," points out the moral force for peace of the Church, as exemplified in the Pope, a force inherent in the conscience of a universal society counting membership in every nation. As he says of the tribunal of the Holy Father: "His is one of the most deliberate, the best informed and, because of its supernatural character, perhaps the most disinterested tribunal in the world." And it is not too much to say that without Archbishop Keane's article, stressing one of the world's greatest agencies for Building Up International Goodwill, the volume would not have its present completeness and possibilities of wide influence.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Enchanted Lives

The Image in the Path, by Grenville Vernon. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

THIS book reminds us again how vigorous the spell of the romantic novel is. In it the entire viewpoint and material of the writer derive from that romanticism with which all of us are most directly acquainted: the romanticism, not of the poets or musicians who have built up out of their philosophies great movements in the history of their respective arts, but the affectionate glamour which once invested for our delight the plots of so many novels with a charm and beauty which no amount of realism, later encountered, has ever been able wholly to discourage.

This glamour is not, of course, identical with the spiritual and imaginative exaltation in Tolstoi, Hawthorne or Hardy. It is a spell of very marked limitations, and alters its color and intensity according to changing modes in fiction. Sometimes it is the deliberate swash-buckling theatricality of The Prisoner of Zenda, sometimes the candid glow which enthralled us in The School for Saints, and sometimes the period charm of The Age of Innocence. Different though these novels may be, they all have in common the property of translating the reader into a world of emotional luxury and of lives enchanted by grace and wit and pride. The characters we follow through ordeals whose necessity we never quite admit, and the action we pursue through difficulties which would seem in real life scarcely worth tolerating. The whole design and purpose demand our attention first on emotional grounds, and then, perhaps, through intellectual claims which may be as varied as the differing motives of diversion, satire or social history suggest. But while we are reading, we are engrossed by romances of an indulgent, thoroughgoing kind, and though the proper reading of such novels has often been referred to the housemaid, we must also remember that they have won the interest and admiration of far sterner critics and have, at their best, been enshrined in the niches of particular literary favor. Mr. Vernon's novel wins a niche of considerable dignity for its charming sincerity and the wit with which it has presented its enchanted lives.

The first chapter sets both scale and key. Rupert Ellery returns to Paris after many years; his easy, protected life has played him false; melancholy on his return to the boulevards where his first adventure in love started, he hears a soprano who brings back to him the wonder and lost fragrance of his youth. The entire story is implied in one of its early statements: "His first night in Paris—at the Marigny—under the swaying blossoms of the chestnuts. Paris in May—youth—an orchestra which played a waltz." After this the reader may be excused from expecting anything surprising or new in the unfolding. And essentially nothing of the sort occurs. The conversations are turned with a self-conscious, theatrical accent; the clash of ages and of bloods seems rather feebly handled when compared with similar studies by Mrs. Wharton; the situation proves to be a variant on the theme in Fort comme le Mort; and the whole background, over which the shadows of both Henry James and Paul Bourget hover, is a rather stage-struck assembly of Channel crossings, minor titles, excursions to Saint Cloud, and international liaisons that suggest the cross-roads of the world.

But Mr. Vernon has not denied the natural claims of his material in shaping and molding it for his own purposes. He has introduced a very real poetry of observation into his scenes and occasions ("white walls . . . slipped by like running ghosts"; "the gulls flashed scimitar like"); his allusions are in a quiet key and bring the authentic charm of a sound intellectual feeling about religion, music and art into the story. The details are worked out with a skill which makes the pattern of the whole plot something much more than a conventional, perfunctory arrangement. The characterization, particularly in Elodie and Rupert, both of whom stand out in careful definition and show themselves fully to us, but also in Yvonne and Cynthia who are presented in low tones and more briefly, is convincing and full of appeal. There are none of the forced contrasts and overplayed crises with which current novels bristle. The management of the changing scene is carried through with a sense of real acquaintance and incidents such as that on the quay at Dover convey an impression of something more than the sketchy travel upon which flashier writers base their tales. It is, however, in the enthusiasm with which Mr. Vernon has built up out of these interests and assets a charming novel that his true originality shows itself, and this originality, overriding the limitations of viewpoint and selection implied in his material, will make The Image in the Path a novel to divert and charm the lovers of the sort of romance to which it rightly belongs.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Static America

Immigrants and Their Children, by Niles Carpenter. Government Printing Office.

MR. CARPENTER'S monograph is in substance a presentation of the 1920 census statistics in regard to the foreign born and their descendants in this country. In addition, the statistics are analyzed, digested and interpreted. In approaching a government publication of this sort, especially when it treats of the vexed question of immigration, one does so with an a priori tendency to suspect the intellectual honesty and the simplicity of purpose of a writer who thus lends his talents to the government. The existence of such publications as that known as the North report (A Century of Population Growth in the United States, 1790-1900) and the statement of Dr. Harry H. Laughlin entitled Europe as an Emigrant-Exporting Continent and the United States as an Immigrant-Receiving Nation, presented to the House of Representatives Committee on Immigration and Naturalization in 1924, is ample justification for such suspicions. Dr. Carpenter by many expressions confirms such suspicions; in justice to him, however, I hasten

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to state immediately and unequivocally that when he proceeds to draw concrete conclusions from the statistics at hand he remains scientifically sound, intellectually honest and quite devoid of prejudice.

The author's statement that "the greater the size of the foreign group the more serious will be the problems arising from the presence of dissimilar elements in the population"; his very disclaimer that the "immigrant invasion offers no greater threat now than it did formerly; his proposition that the "white South is undoubtedly closer to the colonial times in social type and mental outlook than any other region"; and his assurance that if "the present restrictive policy is continued without material modification there seems to be no chance of there ever being any significant change in the existing relation between the two stocks" (i.e. the "old" immigration —in general, that from northern and western Europe—and the "new"—from southern and eastern Europe) all seem to imply that he looks with uneasiness and apprehension upon the influx of immigrants to this country. He evidently would have preferred that our social type and mental outlook had remained static instead of evolving as it inevitably had to when influenced by European culture.

His scientific deductions, as conclusions to be drawn purely from the statistics presented, are as follows: Though there is a general impression to the contrary, the fact is that the proportion of the foreign white stock, both in the total population and the total white population, has not varied significantly during the period from 1850 to 1920, so that as a consequence, quantitatively at least, the immigration problem bulks no larger in relation to this country's population than it did seventy years ago. The so-called "new" immigration is not a more significant factor in urban life than was the "old" in former generations. The fecundity and vitality of foreigners and their children in this country are not as great as usually supposed but they are outstripping the native white urban population since the latter is not even maintaining itself. The morality of the foreign-born is not inferior to that of the native, nor in this respect are the "new" immigrants inferior to the "old." Child labor among children from ten to fourteen years of age is more prevalent among the native than the foreign-born. The author concludes that "neither this nor any other statistical study provides the material for a full-rounded immigration policy."

It seems evident that it was just such material that was the desideratum when the powers that be arranged for this study and it seems no less evident that a "full-rounded immigration policy" is in their minds at least, if not in that of the author, one that would put into effect the "national origins" clause of the restrictive act of 1924, a provision scheduled originally to go into effect in July, 1927, but actually not yet enforced because of opposition offered it from various sources. In an age when "evolution" is almost a fetish it is passing strange that some of the tax-payers' money is not spent in producing a study which would show the development of American institutions, ideas and mental outlooks from the narrow inhibitions of some of our early stock. It might possibly be disclosed that the contribution of the immigrant to the progress of the nation has not been confined to the menial tasks of hewing wood and drawing water. It would be interesting, for example, were someone delegated by the Census Bureau to make a comparative study of the corruption in civic and political life among public servants sponsored by avowed "Americanists" and that which prevails among officials who have come from the "immigrant" class.

To put it briefly, our government in the policy that has sought ascendancy for the last twenty-five years has proceeded on the assumption that nothing good can come out of the "Nazareth" of immigration, that at best it is something to be tolerated, held in repression and guarded against. Dr. Carpenter's monograph, whether or not he intended it, shows in the main that this policy is based on many false assumptions. It might not be out of order to suggest that for the sake of variety a monograph be now projected on the evils of coddling the native stock, on the retrogressive tendency of a culture that seeks to remain static, and on the need of a tonic that would aid it so to digest the strong meat of rugged immigration that in the consequent evolutionary process the evil traits of both classes would have some chance of being abolished and the good ones of being retained and developed.

GERALD SHAUGHNESSY.

Realism and Fantasy

Slag, by John McIntyre. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

In The Beginning, by Alan Sullivan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The Unpaid Piper, by Woodward Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

IT IS our unfortunate experience to read much modern fiction. And it is our observation that frequently when popular writers turn to low life and crime for subject and background, they are insincere in their treatment. At the opening of Mr. McIntyre's novel is a definition of slag: "The refuse of the melting-pot." This strikes the discerning note of the novel, for his slice of life in the slums is honestly detailed and felt. From its pages emerge three well-drawn characters, in a performance which is well done—but of no particular potentiality.

Mr. McIntyre hasn't resorted to sensational effects, nor has he probed much below the surface of things. His narrative has been handled with deftness and economy. Its background and atmosphere of tragic brooding is depicted with sustained tenseness and color. The worn-out mother, the stupid girl, with her hectic ardor for the burglar, Groloch, and the dope, Needle, whose affairs involve the dreamy revolutionary Cochack, have compelling human interest. Yet it may be that it is too simplified. For all the excellent dialogue, there is missing what James called the "golden blocks," which fit so aptly and understandingly between dialogue and narrative.

Alan Sullivan's tale has the double interest of a travel book and an adventure in fantastics. His explorer in the heart of the hinterland of South America finds the Pleistocene age still extant with saber-tooth tigers, mastodons and folks who cluck for language and are ignorant of fire. Even his explorer begins to fill the pull of the primal in this scene of mad images and eerie foreboding. It is exciting if one fancies this sort of thing —and it has also been done a good many times before Mr. Sullivan's attempt.

Some time ago Woodward Boyd, under the spell of Scott Fitzgerald, did an ingratiating social history of a family of four girls in The Love Legend. Since then Mrs. Boyd has become a woman's writer—which means that she characterizes men to a dark excess. Her Wilton Kildare is palpably absurd, while her Laurence is just a shade too sweet. And this, unhappily enough, is the true sign of a woman's writer.

The legend behind The Unpaid Piper is that tough old fact that there is no justice. It is demonstrated in the lives

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of two girls. Laura is the old-fashioned girl, Sady the flapper. Here it is revealed that the moderns can "get away with it," while the more quaint brothers and sisters are paying the piper. This may be so, because Sady is the type whose charming selfishness has eluded pay-day in any age; whereas dear old Laura, with her unexpected lapses from grace, is always fair game for Mrs. Grundy to utter her inevitable moralizings over.

Mrs. Boyd is of uncertain mind concerning the emphasis in several of her crucial scenes. In those between the awful Wilton and Laura she employs both satire and sympathy in an indecisive manner. Of course this is pardonable among this school of authors. After all, Mrs. Boyd knows her Laura, inside and out, from childhood, even if her other characters are slightly observed. It never occurred to me that Mrs. Boyd was only a pretty writer, nor does it appear to me at this point, that she is compelled to be one.

EDWIN CLARK.

Random Revelations

Religions Past and Present, by Bertram C. A. Windle. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

THAT there is an attack upon religion, pressed with heat and even with hatred, can hardly be doubted. It follows these lines:

Religion is, like everything else in life, a development. Man began without it, gradually acquired it, and is now outgrowing it. It is something that belongs to the middle age of human existence, and useful only for such an age. It is now lumbersome and may well be discarded. The suspicious thing about this argumentation is the positiveness with which it is offered and the fervor with which it is supported. Why? The writer of this book shows why. No one can tell how religion did start. It is like so many other human things. You can form pretty theories about them but you cannot get beyond them. No one has got beyond the time when man's religion began. Man is scientifically a religious animal. Now it is precisely an argument that has nothing to stand on that has to be announced in loud words. It is notorious that those who shout the most have usually the least to say. Sir Bertram shows that the only reasonable origin for religion is the fact of a primitive revelation. He shows this by the exclusion of other theories and he does it in his own interesting and engaging manner which allays opposition and avoids controversy. Here in brief but telling words the religions of the world are marshalled in order to give an account of themselves.

Incidentally the writer also shows that this supposedly modern criticism of religion is itself venerable. The atheist, if there is such a person, is himself a cult-builder. Several of the most widespread religions in the world owe their origins to practical atheists. The writer amusingly suggests that the ethical culture circles of today are engaged in the same task, and, if they are given time, will come to the same destination. Man cannot wrench himself away from the religious idea. Civilization does not purify religion and most certainly does not destroy it.

The book is, of course, popular in form, but with its valuable bibliography it offers a good foundation for a more extensive study of comparative religion. It is not intended to be, except incidentally, a defense of Christianity, still less an argument for it. The writer's object is to defend the thesis that man is religious by nature and not by acquired habit.

EDWARD HAWKS.

Current Magazines

THE American-Scandinavian Review for Christmas 1927, in its usual excellent table of contents publishes an interesting study of the ancient playground of Copenhagen—Dyrehavsbakken—still the resort, in its diminished glories, of the picnicking populace of the Danish capital. In speaking of the early origins of the resort, we are told that it was first known as the site of a holy well to which miraculous powers had been attributed from primitive times. "Throngs of sick people with their relatives and friends," writes Richard Paulli, "made annual pilgrimages to the holy waters, and these drew other thousands who come to trade or to entertain, and after a while there rose markets and fairs. Booths and stalls, more or less permanent, were established, and around the holy shrines there developed a vivacious and colorful social life." What was the religious history of this primitive shrine of nature is a fact apparently lost to the annalist; and what became of the histories of the other even more ancient holy wells, that were the local pilgrim shrines of the people of Copenhagen? Perhaps some Danish Catholic scholar will enlighten us on this point, as it is of the utmost importance that these early national ties of the Scandinavian peoples with the Catholic faith shall be rescued from an oblivion which some of our Reformed brethren would seem complacent enough to perpetuate.

NUMBER two of the Benedictine Historical Monographs, published in Saint Anselm's Priory, Washington, D. C., presents the Reverend Francis S. Betten, S. J., in a study on Saint Boniface and Saint Virgil which establishes that "when the intellectual life of the middle-ages was at its height the sphericity of the earth was well known, at least to the whole educated world." To show that the belief was extant prior even to the birth of Christ, Father Betten quotes the Alexandrian Greek mathematician, Eratosthenes, flourishing before 194 B. C., who writes of the poles, the equator, of parallels and meridians; Strabo, who was contemporary with Christ, who advocated a round-the-world voyage to India, sailing westward from Spain; Claudius Ptolemy of the second century; the poet Ovid and his contemporary bard, Marcus Manilius; the philosopher Seneca; Pliny the Elder; and Tacitus. In the Christian camp, Lactantius strongly opposed the teaching of the sphericity of the earth, but he was controverted by Saint Hilary of Poiters, who was reaffirmed by Saint Ambrose in the fourth century. Saint Augustine found it safer to transmit the question of the roundness, but Cassiodorus in the sixth century accepted the system of Ptolemy. Saint Isadore of Seville of the seventh century made explicit declarations of it; the Venerable Bede in the eighth century attested his acceptance. Professor Rand of Harvard University wrote in the Philological Quarterly for 1922: "It is sometimes stated that the middle-ages had no interest in the natural sciences, and that philosophy in that period meant the application of formal logic to mendacious assumptions. Critics who make such statements had better read Saint Isadore. In fact, one of the most useful rules to know for guiding the investigator in mediaeval fields is to inquire first, 'What does Saint Isadore say about it?' It will really save one time to begin by looking him up."

The title page and index for Volume VI of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume VI in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"As we stood at the door while the symphony audience came out, Britannicus," mused Doctor Angelicus, as he quietly digested his luncheon of eggs Bénédictine, "did you remark the extraordinary variety in the human types that passed us?"

"I noticed a large number of crutches and blue goggles, Angelicus—the usual thing, I fancy, at these musical conventions. There was a noticeable absence of hats in the upper tiers. Some depression is imminent in the hat check industries."

"No, Britannicus, the incomes of the hat checkers are now diverted to the Stayfix and Glosslock factories. But my mind was fixed upon the character divergences of the audience; the fine Chinese decay of the mental aristocrats; the vegetarian whiteness of their faces; the trembling of their sensitive lips and nostrils; the rapt pre-Raphaelitic sag of their shoulder-blades; the senile clutch on their walking-sticks. And all this in contrast to the uncombed, ungroomed part of the gathering: the tattered music scores; the proud black lacquer of their five-finger gestures; their back-yard crouchings over the smoking fumes of the orchestral Stravinsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff. Hammarslag was at the piano, tangled up in his long, wavy hair (which, I am sorry to notice, is thinning out grievously) and heaving great gulps of sound into the faces of the music-students who were crowding around him, like the Mexicans around Lindbergh at Chapultepec.

"These are hypnotic trances I assure you, Britannicus, and when I visited Hammarslag last summer in his villa on Hoboken Heights, I witnessed his strange powers not only over music-lovers but even with the animal kingdom—that is, if I may include the barnyard fowls in this category. I found that his favorite hens and roosters responded so noticeably to the works of certain composers that he had christened two of the roosters Beethoven and Wagner. At the sound of the Pilgrims' Chorus, Wagner invariably perched over him on the piano, while the white hen, Chopin, rose on her wings and dashed wildly about to the notes of the Polonaise. His Irish terrier, incongruously called Verdi, emitted most soulful yawps during any snatch from Trovatore, and a chorus of hens marched about in honor of the wedding of Lohengrin and Elsa."

"Your story, Doctor," interjected Britannicus, "recalls a very sad incident in my own student days in Munich. In the studio adjoining mine there lived a tall young woman of rather gloomy aspect, famous in the music sets and throughout all our neighborhood for the abysmal depths of her great contralto voice. She was accustomed to rehearse her repertoire of all the dark and grumbling rôles usually dedicated to these basso-profundo singers, and our rafters would shake with the ultimate tremors of her soul. One night, upon a peculiarly intensive rendition, a large rat, riddled by one of her semi-tones, sprang at her from the depths of the piano. I must record she irretrievably lost her voice, could never sing another note, and completed the silent tragedy by giving herself in marriage to the little organist of the church around the corner."

"Do you think that it was a rat that had taken refuge in the depths of the piano, or was it planted there by some sleepless lodger or mischievous urchin, Britannicus?"

"I cannot say, Angelicus. All I know is that she hung up her harp on the willows; I have never heard that her vocal inhibition was overcome."

"In my good old London days, when I was a boy under Father MacDonald, Chief of Clan Keppoch," said Britannicus, "we discovered a rare tremulosity in a finely carved

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confessional, the loving work of some highly scrupulous young Redemptorist novice of the past. There was a certain bass note in the lower scale of the organ that caused the entire confessional to tremble, jerk and heave in a most extraordinary fashion. It was the dark delight of our youthful tricksters to await the entrance of some well-known ne'er-do-well into this antique confessional of the Father Chief of the gallant Clan Keppoch, and to steal into the organ loft and strike off this potent concordance, whereupon the good confessor and his penitent would get an apocalyptic revelation of Judgment Day.

"I wish there was more humor among musicians," added Britannicus, "that is, more sense of incongruities, for they themselves seem incongruous enough to outsiders. Think of the wild laughter lurking in the stories of our old American concert scenes, where a piano piece would be illustrated by a toy locomotive and train running up and down on the piano top. We saw the finish of this in the dancing marionettes that were formerly a part of every well-constructed hand-organ; and some of our moving picture houses that illustrate musical masterpieces with gyrating females in silhouette weaving themselves into impossible knots to picture the throes of the composers do not mark a very far advance."

"And yet 'music is our most intellectual art,' say the authorities," declared Angelicus soberly.

"That is music after the intellect," added Britannicus, "not before it."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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